

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JULY 20, 1957

a Time Inc. Weekly publication

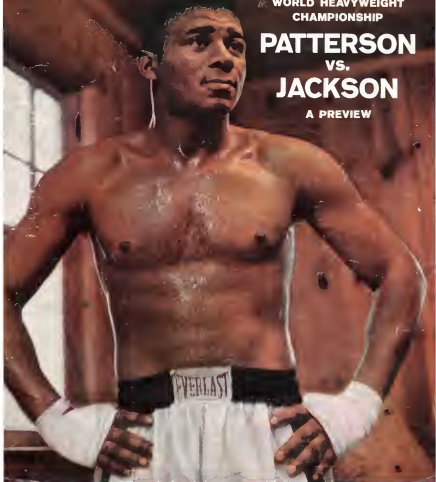
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A PREVIEW



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138 MILES OUT! The Old Spanish Trail is no place to be left stranded with a tire failure. But we're not worried—not with Goodyear's double air chamber principle protecting us. Our "inner tires" carry us speedily, safely toward our destination.



204 MILES LATER! Destination reached... not a second of inconvenience... and we did it on four blown-out Captive-Air Safety tires. No damage to the "inner tires"... no damage to the outer tires other than the cuts we made at the start of the run.

GOODYEAR'S new nylon Captive-Air Safety tire makes tire changing unnecessary. You, your wife and children can be virtually free from the danger of blowouts and punctures... the inconvenience of roadside changes.

The Captive-Air Safety tire, tested and proved in Detroit, is now standard or optional equipment on some of America's finest cars. See it this week. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

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Captive-Air, U.S. - The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Billy Pierce took a shower... ..then he used Vitalis



Pitcher Billy Pierce rarely goes to the shower before the game ends.

New greaseless way to keep your hair neat all day

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JULY 29, 1957
Volume 7, Number 5

Advertisements on page 7

COVER: FLOYD PATTERSON
Photograph by Dan Weiner

The gleaming young fighter looking thoughtfully into the future on the cover defends his heavyweight title for the first time Monday against the indelible Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson at New York. For the curious story of Jackson and the promise of Patterson, turn to page 22.

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THEY FACE THE RACE

A managerial graph of the feared National League pennant race

FOUR OF THEM MADE HISTORY

JOHN LOVEBEY reports from London on track's greatest mile

PATTERSON BY A KO

A look at the Patterson-Jackson title fight. By MARTIN KANE

ALL REGULAR GUYS

They'll be playing golf in next week's Public Links. By GWILYM BROWN

THE GREAT IN TENNIS

Big Flashes is still the world's best player. By WILLIAM F. TALBERT

THE FABULOUS HAMPTONS

Long Island's poshest playground, photographed IN COLOR by TONI FRISWELL, with a special social portrait by HORACE SUTTON

THE MAKESHIFT MARVEL

Paul Richards is doing wonders at Baltimore. By LES WOODCOCK

STONEHAM OF THE GIANTS

A portrait of a club owner who must make up his mind

THE LAVENDER MOB

Of sports cars and pot hunting in Maryland, by KENNETH RUDEEN

PART II: MR. McDONOUGH'S MAGIC SHOVEL

GERALD HOLLAND completes some welcome spade-work for Irish athletics

GOLDEN LOOK FOR TENNIS CLOTHES

Court fashions adopt the graceful traditions of a splendid past

THE DEPARTMENTS

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

NEXT WEEK

FITNESS IN THE U.S.

A survey of progress made since the President sounded the alarm two years ago, PLUS the start of an exciting series of lessons on fitness for the whole family



A NATIONAL REPORT ON
PHYSICAL FITNESS

BY
BONNIE PRUDEN

Author of the book
The Way of a Woman
to Good Health

HOW TO KEEP FIT

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SCOREBOARD

these faces in the crowd . . .



Larry Beck, 15-year-old junior and posed winner from Kingston, N.Y., took putting lessons from dad every other phone, went out next day to teach Dave Leon of Tucson, 6 and 5 in final, won USGA Junior Amateur golf championship (for boys under 18) in Washington



Judy Frank, attractive 22-year-old Barnard College graduate who works for New York publishing firm, took Tro-Country golf championship at Cresskill, N.Y., adding title to New York State and Metropolitan amateur events, marked herself as Miss not to miss



Danny Kieffeld III, 13-year-old Baltimorean, speedball star, was named in Marine Hall of Fame after scoring 7,100 points in game last year that of 22 stars. Danny was 22 Young Country's leading scorer since his high school in just 1-4 on his 30 minutes

RECORD BREAKERS

Donk Johnson, 2-year-old British clinical engineer, came racing along in final 1000 yards in London's White City stadium, blazed his way out, then through tape 32 yards in front of Don Deley, to win special mile run in 3:57.2, 8 tenths faster than John Landy's world record one year later. This competition also featured under-hour marathons, Ireland's Alan, beat-alike Jurgens, Czechoslovakia, 2:59.3. Ken Woods, Britain, 3:59.8. Flying Yorkshireman Blake was, who failed to finish through 55.1, 1:55.8. 4:00 mile, won by runner by wife, 5-year-old daughter, July 19. **Kevin Fraser** of Australia beat world women's world 200-meter freestyle standard, swimming distance in 2:17.4. A thousandth July 14

TENNIS

Pamela Gonzalez, 16-year-old, featured by parental wisdom, tooth, finger blower in racket hand, will find too much reason for young and old pro alike in Jack Kramer's round-robin Tournament of Champions at Forest Hills, competing field with 54 men. Frank Flanagan finished second while Kira Boud, whose game was most creative, tied for third, one year 19.

Vir Selma, serving himself skillfully in 8th hour, defeated Defending Champion Mark Jan, 14, 9-8, 6-4, 4-6, was National Clay Court championship at Chicago. Althea Gibson took women's singles, first round 1-6, 1-6, 6-3, 6-2, 6-3.

BASEBALL

Mississippi, by virtue of winning as while being only 140, secured this third in top of jump in National League game of White in First. Right on Braves' heels was National League champion at Chicago. Althea Gibson took women's singles, first round 1-6, 1-6, 6-3, 6-2, 6-3.

New York, increased lead in American League despite playing several games with second-place team behind to take and one ball game over second-place Chicago White Sox, despite his one-hitter by Don Dwyer, was only second loss.

GOLF

David Brown, 24-year-old, Louisiana pro who plays freestyle, "to make my name," gained big big tournament win of early, defeating Don Frazier (old 2) for PGA Championship on Dayton's shaggy Miami Valley course. Two spots of holes on last 18 of 36 holes, total scored 64.000 first-year money.

BOATING

Legend's, a 1961 Lincoln 30-foot motorboat, found fresh water to south after cable shot of 24-foot, then, crossed Chesapeake Bay, was corrected time of 11 days, 43:41. Speed time 12 days, 1:45. In lake test, Flank B. Brown in 2:20:00. Los Angeles (Berkeley) transporter was. Legend's log showed 2:407 miles sailed the previous voyage. Still in line. "We were looking for better water, not necessarily shorter course," 30-year-old Brown, Flank B. New York, Class 1, 1961, 1962, 1963.

HORSE RACING

Armed in Race, 2-year-old's magnificent 4-year-old son of The Dags, against leader of 122 pounds, he scored 10 successive wins in 22 pounds, assumed runner-up position in last night, pulled away handily in final furlong while jockey, Dave Kib, scored his win for three-and-a-quarter-length victory in \$20,000 Eclipse Mile at Arlington Park. This colt's earnings now stand at \$44,417, ninth position in all-time money-earning list.

Old Pacific, given determined race by jockey Eddie Arcaro, won \$75,400, including Market Stakes for 7-year-old at Hollywood Park through double-breasted when strong Bak (favorite) came down after steady and agreed colt had scored sharply in which to use off-leaved Fleet Nautical.

Round Table, Travis M. Kerr's middle 3-year-old bay, won his third stakes in as many weeks, taking \$115,400, mid-and-quarter Westerner at Hollywood Park. Jockey Willie Shoemaker went to why with his name. "To remind him to quit playing," he told owner with two lengths in front of Truster.

Leather Hatton, 2-year-old gelding ridden by Jack Kelly, was defeated winner on \$150,075, six-furlong Arlington. Favorite ridden Eddie Arcaro had ridden

Althea's home first in five and a half lengths only to be defeated by some 10 lengths. Dwyer was tied with Ned Rader just past 100 yards. Rader's Blues rule, may have won slightly, as in past by owner of abandoned mount in case ruled down.

CYCLING

Jacques Anquetin, 23-year-old "bandone" and world champion of Paris (Belgium), with a reputation for speed on flat, demonstrated his lead status and skill to master steep grades, during its up-down hill with downer through his history, was 24 day, 2:08:00. Tour de France, which finished the premier, on at Paris' Tour de France (Belgium), with 10 "Kilometers" were. Meriel Janssen of Belgium.

BOXING

Rory Cathon, English, 160-pound middleweight, pulled his way to victory. He found downer after technical knockout, a gloriously masterful victory. Cathon at Syracuse, when Hudson decided to leave early (two fight after) low low rounds.

Jack Gardella, left-handed, 160-pound, 165-pounder, had difficult time with Chris Vito's elusive, heavy on his feet, left hand, as he was downed in second round by last round.

AUTO RACING

Stirling Moss became first British driver to win British made victory in Britain's most important Grand Prix of Britain at Silverstone, giving his way will across track ahead of Luigi Musso's Ferrari. Have also marked first time since 1925 that British motorist has won one of nine Grand Prix (counting toward world championship). Best grand Prix Moss, who scored 271 miles at 86.8 mph. "I have achieved my life's ambition."

MILEPOST

Overnight Edward B. Lawson, 1st, Ambassador to Israel, Algeria 1. Notes issued for distinguished services in south of Israel in field of sports, by 1st, was action for sports in field of sports.

focus on the deed . . .



SCRAMBLING men, women and child (with head from paper) scramble after a foul ball off the bat of Chicago Cubs Ernie Banks at Ribbons Field. Musso's women beat out women for ball, Dodgers beat Cubs 3-2.



PONDERRING hunted by on 12th pitch at PGA country in Pasadena. Eisenhower's golfing pro, Dick Shuster, Shuster hit ball twice on subsequent putt, repeated second stroke which cost him hole, match

COMING EVENTS

July 26 through August 4

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drivers,
particularly,
need
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Gabriel Ajustomatics are standard (export) or optional (domestic) on nine different makes of U.S. cars in 1977. Thousands of late-model sports cars, station wagons and other automobiles in use today attest their value. If you are dissatisfied with the conventional controls supplied on your present car, switch over. Get the ride you want... get Gabriel Ajustomatics.

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AJUSTOMATIC SHOCK ABSORBERS

FRIDAY, JULY 26

Baseball

Chicago Cubs vs. Philadelphia Phillies Chicago 2:25 p.m. (Mutual)

Boxing

Alex Miller vs. John Medrano, heavyweight, 30 rds., Washington 8 p.m. (NBC)

Horse Show

Southwest Quarter Horse Show, Tulsa, Okla.

Swimming

AAR Women's Senior Synchronized Swimming National Championships, Oakland, Calif. (through July 31)
Capehaze Falls Invitational Open & Age Group Swimming Championships and AAU Men's A&B meter Freestyle National Championships, Capehaze Falls, Ohio (through July 31)

SATURDAY, JULY 27

Auto Racing

NASCAR Short Track Division Race, Winston-Salem, N.C.
NASCAR Short Track Division Race, San Jose, Calif.

Baseball

Old timers Day, New York Yankees vs. Detroit Tigers, New York 3:45 p.m. (CBS)
Minnesota Twins vs. New York Giants Milwaukee 2:25 p.m. (NBC)

Cincinnati Reds vs. Brooklyn Dodgers Cincinnati 2:25 p.m. (Mutual)

Bridge Tournament

Summer National Tournament, Pittsburgh (through Aug. 4)

Dog Show

Lakewood Kennel Club Dog Show, Spartan, Pa.

Horse Racing

Arlington Handicap, \$100,000 3-yr-olds & up, 1 1/4 m. (first round), Arlington Park, Ill. 5:05 p.m. (NBC)
Arlington Lassie, \$50,000, 2-yr-old fillies, 1 1/4 m., Arlington Park, Ill.

The Monmouth Oaks, \$50,000 3-yr-old fillies, 1 1/4 m., Monmouth Park, N.J. 5:30 p.m. (NBC)
Dwyer Handicap, \$50,000 3-yr-olds, 1 1/4 m., Belmont Park, N.Y. 5:05 p.m. (NBC)

Swimming

AAU Junior Women's 100-meter Breaststroke National Championships, Richmond, Va.

Tennis

Master's Doubles Tournament, Los Angeles (through Aug. 4)

Track & Field

South Atlantic Area Women's Championships, Baltimore

SUNDAY, JULY 28

Auto Racing

New England Regional Championships Sports Car Race, Lime Rock, Conn.

Baseball

New York Yankees vs. Detroit Tigers, New York 2 p.m. (Mutual)

Boxing

Fight of the Snowbirds Regatta, Baltimore, Md.

Dog Show

Newman Kennel Club Dog Show, Newton, N.J.
Santa Barbara Kennel Club Dog Show, Santa Barbara, Calif.

MONDAY, JULY 29

Baseball

Boston Red Sox vs. Cleveland Indians, Boston, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual)

Boxing

Floyd Patterson vs. Tommy (Raccoon) Jackson, heavyweight, 15 rds., New York 10 p.m. (NBC)
First Day Amateur vs. Donny, middleweight, 30 rds., 51 Rock, New York, 10:30 p.m. (Mutual)

Golf

U.S. Public Links Golf Championship, Hershey, Pa. (11 through Aug. 3)

Horse Racing

New England Preakness Derby, \$10,000, Taunton, Mass.

Horse Show

Dayton Horse Show, Dayton (through Aug. 3)

Tennis

Southwestern Northwestern Boys Invitational All-Star Match, Weston, Mass.
USTA Junior & Senior National Championships, Malabar, Mich. (through Aug. 4)
USTA Girls National Championships, Chicago (through Aug. 4)

North American National Public Parks Junior Tennis Tournament, Los Angeles (through Aug. 4)

TUESDAY, JULY 30

Baseball

New York Yankees vs. Kansas City Athletics, New York, 3:55 p.m. (Mutual)

Horse Racing

Norfolk-Henry Stakes, \$75,000 2-yr-olds, \$10 m., Norfolk-Henry Park, N.J.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 31

Baseball

Los Angeles Dodgers vs. Detroit Tigers, Boston 1:55 p.m. (Mutual)

Boxing

David Briggs vs. Red Swanson, welterweights, 10 rds., Miami Beach, Fla., 10 p.m. (ABC)

Horse Racing

The Triple Handicap, \$25,000 3-yr-olds & up (Stakes & Points) 3 1/4 m., Belmont Park, N.Y.
The Kentucky, \$20,000 2-yr-old fillies, 1 1/4 m., Monmouth Park, N.J.
Chase Wood Memorial, \$15,000 2-yr-olds, 1 1/4 m., Washington Park, Ill.
Newman Stakes, \$10,000 2-yr-old fillies, non-winners, 1 1/4 m., Del Mar, Calif.

Swimming

Chicago State Training Clinic, \$20,000, Southview Springs, N.Y.

Rodeo

Norfolk's Big Rodeo, \$9,000, Norfolk, N.Y. (through Aug. 3)

Critical Wagon Night Rodeo, \$6,000, Conner, Wyo. (through Aug. 1)

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1

Baseball

Chicago Cubs vs. Brooklyn Dodgers, Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual)

Boxing

New York Yacht Club Regatta, Greenwich, Conn. to Newport, R.I. (through Aug. 30)

Swimming

International Girl Swimmers Diamond Pool A&B Swimming Championships, Seattle (through Aug. 3)

Fishing

Potter International Fishing Tournament, Port Isabel, Texas (through Aug. 4)

Golf

Sam S. Shuster All-American Championship, Azusa, Ill. (through Aug. 4)

Horse Racing

Lincoln Steam Racing Classic, \$20,000, Vernon, N.Y.

Horse Show

Henry County Horse Show, Martinsville, Va. (through Aug. 2)

Swimming

Summer Men's Senior AAU Swimming Championships, Philadelphia (through Aug. 4)

FRIDAY, AUGUST 2

Baseball

Chicago Cubs vs. Pittsburgh Pirates, Chicago 2:25 p.m. (Mutual)

Boxing

Leslie Seaton and Gold Cup Race, Seattle (through Aug. 10)

Pacific Coast & Southern California Yachting Association Regatta, Sausalito (through Aug. 4)

Boxing

Bobby Boyd vs. Willie Vaughn, middleweights, 30 rds., Los Angeles 10:30 p.m. (NBC)

Horse Racing

Midwestern World Handicap, \$20,000, Inverness, 2 m., Monmouth Park, N.J.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3

Auto Racing

National SCCA Race, Danville, Va. (through Aug. 4)

Baseball

New York Yankees vs. Cleveland Indians, New York, 2 p.m. (Mutual)

Memorial Award vs. Brooklyn Dodgers, Milwaukee, 7:35 p.m. (NBC)

White Sox vs. Chicago White Sox, Boston, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual)

Boxing

National Inboard Hydroplane Championships (136 & 200 hydroplanes), Cambridge, Md.

Horse Racing

Brooklyn Handicap, \$10,000 3-yr-olds & up, 1 1/4 m., Belmont Park, N.Y. 4:10 p.m. (CBS)

Shelburne Handicap, \$25,000 3-yr-olds, 1 m., Washington Park, Ill.

Chase Stakes, \$25,000 3-yr-olds, 1 1/4 m., Monmouth Park, N.J.

San Diego Handicap, \$20,000, 3-yr-olds & up, 3 1/4 m., Del Mar, Calif.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 4

Auto Racing

NASCAR Grand National Division Race, Watkins Glen, N.Y.
NASCAR Grand National Division Race, Martinsburg, West Virginia
Grand Prix of Monterey, Monterey, Monterey

Baseball

New York Yankees vs. Cleveland Indians, New York, 2 p.m. (Mutual)

Swimming

National AAU Men's Swimming & Diving Championships, first day, Philadelphia 3 p.m. (CBS)

Horse Racing

See local listing

ALL TIMES E.T. EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE NOTED

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

SEA season opens	NH slightly high	R rising	FP fishing poor
NE season closes	H high	WT50 a str. str.	OG outlook good
E clear water	VH very high	FG fishing good	OVG outlook very good
D water dirty, rusty	M water muddy	FF fishing fair	OF outlook fair
N water normal height	L low		OP outlook poor

TROUT: INDIAN: Golden trout beginning to hit at Terrace Lakes in Big Horn cove. Golden seem to be averaging one pound with a scattering of 3-pouncers. Trout also rising to dry flies in Copper Basin and Seven Devils lakes, but made to latter are in very gummy shape and a jeep is required. FVG at headwaters of St. Jo, Cour d'Alene and Moyie rivers. Scotch River a late starter but now producing, as is upper Lemhi. Particularly in late evening on Grey Parkers. Headwaters of the Salmon in Stanley Basin area gun-clear and a real challenge for the fly-fishing expert. Trout are reticent, and larger ones are caught underneath the overhang of banks. OVG generally for long-angling throughout state, but mosquitoes are thick and bug dope is recommended.

NEW MEXICO: FVG for brownie and rainbow at El Yaso. Trout and Canyon lakes, Las Pinos and Castones. First-rank streams are the Chaco and Rio Grande, but so much for size of trout they are producing. Our very reports largest taken last week were a mere 18 to 20 inches, but almost everyone is taking trout. OVG.

MONTANA: All Montana rivers now N and C, with the Yellowstone in prime fly-fishing condition. FG on the Madison, but during no midday fly hatch peters out. Fly and large Montana OG and improving.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK: FG on Slough Creek, Fire Hole River slower due to warm weather.

OREGON: FVG for fly-fishermen on the Deschutes River below Bend. Water conditions are L and C and evening efforts producing large brownies on No. 14 Grey Sedge and bucktail Caddis flies. Many larger lakes now open, but a hike in to the smaller lakes offers more trout rewards. Partridge Lake, Silver Shoshone, McIntosh and Spruce fly patterns all functioning to advantage. OG, also in the high Cascade lakes, but here again bug dope is indispensable.

CALIFORNIA: FVG on Feather and Pit rivers on east slope of Sierra. Chute above Benton's Crossing excellent for large brownies with Gage Quills and Quail Gordons most effective fly combination. Yosemite Park at the back country is near its peak and OVG.

NEW HAMPSHIRE: FG on all ponds and streams north of White Mountains. But the gem of the season is Buck Lake near Putney. W. Adams, owner, however, maintains that best fishing for those who will walk in is the many small ponds throughout northern sector of state. Recommended procedure is to consult local game warden or buy a topographical map and start looking. Distance from easily reached over three miles and the hike is more than worthwhile.

SWORDFISH: NEW YORK: Mrs. Gertrude Doyle of Southampton and Great Neck with her last Pipeworm. If it rapidly developing into Ross's pre-eminent broadbill angler. Already this summer of Shinnecock Inlet she has located swordfish of 415 and 365 pounds and last week added a third. It weighed 5 1/2 pounds and it took Mrs. Doyle four hours and 20 minutes to establish her authority. Since we know of no other of unreported skill who fished five full seasons before falling into first broadbill, Mrs. Doyle's accomplishments, with the small variety of all-log-gate fish are hard to overrate. The male angling contingent, however, is taking negatively, and last week, also off Shinnecock, Steve Skarka of College Point, New York thrashed

a 367-pound swordfish in one hour and 20 minutes on 25-4 thread from the charter boat F.M.B., skippered by Captain Al Veltman of Hampton Bays. Also last week Harry Carter of Hampton Bays transquired a 297-pounder on 24-4 thread while his 14-year-old son handled the boat. From all indications this should be one of best broadbill seasons in the Shinnecock-Montauk area.

BROADFIN TUNA: NEW YORK: Giant bluefin once again congregating at Shark Ledge, southeast of Block Island, and last week trailing Boston-style Eugene T. Turley Jr. of Bayport, Long Island snagged a 376-pound fish from Captain George Potts's charter boat Harb's which operates out of Montauk. OVG if the present trend continues.

NOVA SCOTIA: Numerous giants are being seen in Wedgeport area, and one was hooked and lost last week by Willie LeBlanc of Wedgeport. This is encouraging news for recently transiary Wedgeport but, unless substantial red and reef catches are made in near future, Wedgeport may have to endure another poor season. **MARSHALL ISLANDS:** Cape Cod Bay and Monrovia area on south shore enjoying heavy run of school fish in 100-pound class and OVG. Cape Cod Bay also stuffed with giants but as usual they are regrettably dundead.

STRIPED BASS: MARSHALL ISLANDS: FP is general but a few large bass were taken last week at Highland Ledge near Trane with a 500-pound angler taking honors for Ed Allard of Wethersfield, Conn. Allard used a pinned off plug. North Cape shore evidently thick with both bass and june, but a stiff cast net is needed to start them moving and put them in a feeding frame of mind.

NEW JERSEY: FP but some fish being taken from piers at night around Asbury Park, Deal and Long Branch. Rugged sea seems effective.

ATLANTIC SALMON: NEW BRUNSWICK: FG OG on numerous rivers, although W. Wright, H. T. Mansueto is front runner, particularly for grise, but last week Mrs. Douglas Wild of Toronto killed a lusty 11-pound salmon from the Red Bank Lodge pool on the Rensselaire.

MAINE: Conditions excellent, OVG while run still on the requested Marches. Angler travel slow, some inland, some to anglers. Fishery personnel have allowed 25 salmon through traps, and to date only 14 have been taken from this run water.

NOVA SCOTIA: Light runs improved angling in provincial rivers last week, with a total kill of 56 salmon reported. As usual the Miramichi led the park with 33 fish, but rivers are still L and most salmon are languishing in estuaries waiting for higher water so they can move upriver.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

3	Robert M. 4	John 5	William 6	John 7	John 8	John 9	John 10	John 11	John 12	John 13	John 14	John 15	John 16	John 17	John 18	John 19	John 20	John 21	John 22	John 23	John 24	John 25	John 26	John 27	John 28	John 29	John 30	John 31	John 32	John 33	John 34	John 35	John 36	John 37	John 38	John 39	John 40	John 41	John 42	John 43	John 44	John 45	John 46	John 47	John 48	John 49	John 50	John 51	John 52	John 53	John 54	John 55	John 56	John 57	John 58	John 59	John 60	John 61	John 62	John 63	John 64	John 65	John 66	John 67	John 68	John 69	John 70	John 71	John 72	John 73	John 74	John 75	John 76	John 77	John 78	John 79	John 80	John 81	John 82	John 83	John 84	John 85	John 86	John 87	John 88	John 89	John 90	John 91	John 92	John 93	John 94	John 95	John 96	John 97	John 98	John 99	John 100
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ACUSHNET

GOLF BALLS

Sold the World Over Through
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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

ON THE SECOND DAY of this year's National Open at Inverness, Ben Hogan, in the unfamiliar role of spectator, walked over the course watching his old friends in action. Numerous well-wishers came to express regret, which everyone in golf shared, over the ailment which the day before had caused his withdrawal from the tournament. Many also took the occasion to comment on Hogan's recent series in this magazine.

One of Ben's fans was a sprightly little lady whose white hair was almost the only sign that she was well on in her 60s.

"Mr. Hogan," she said, "I've been following your instructions and you tell me to hold my left arm so that the hollow at the elbow joint points to the sky." She placed a forefinger on the critical spot.

"But I can't hit good shots that way, and I don't feel comfortable. Am I doing it right, or," she gave him a twinkling smile, "have you got it wrong?"

"Well, let's see how you do it," Ben said. She grasped an imaginary club and took her stance. "Ah," said Hogan, "Your elbow is fine. The trouble's here." So saying, he turned her wrist inward about one-half an inch.

"Thank you very much," said the little lady with the white hair. "I see I'll have to study my lessons harder."

There's no way of knowing exactly how many golfers have been studying their lessons hard since the first installment of Hogan's *Modern Fundamentals of Golf* appeared in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* last March. What is known, however, is that a larger number than ever before have settled down to improving their game under the guidance of one instructor. Hogan's lessons possess the rare quality of keeping them at it. The flood of requests for extra copies of the series almost immediately exhausted *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s supply.

The decision to gather the five lessons into one book has occasioned an unprecedented event in publishing: its publisher, A. S. Barnes & Co., tells us that the first printing of 200,000 copies is the largest for any sports book ever.

Chances are that your bookseller has it in stock now. If not, just write to Book Department, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, 540 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois.

Ben Hogan

Author of the Famous Five Lessons in Modern Fundamentals of Golf

Five Lessons The Modern Fundamentals of Golf



Harry Phillips

MON

TUE

THEY FACE THE RACE

The pennant merry-go-round was so wild last week, N.L. managers could hardly keep up with their emotions

NOBODY CAN REMEMBER when there were five clubs so intertwined in a pennant race as they are in the National League. The race had no wilder week than the last one, when the quintet was so closely bunched that the Phillies, in first on Monday, were in fifth by Friday. The faces on the right portray the oscillating moods of exhalation or despair or a mixture of both emotions which gripped the five managers as the week proceeded on its willful course. Only an occasional smile cracks the tense features of Fred Hutchinson. The usually chipper Birdie Tebbetts looks downcast much of the time. Taciturn Walt Alston's beaming face is topped only by the wide Irish grin of Fred Haney. The joy of soft-spoken Mayo Smith quickly fades as his Kids seem to falter. The pictures here suit the varying moods of these men at the end of each day's ups or downs. The various remarks attributed to them are no less revealing for being imaginary.

1

2

3

4

5



At last—we're in first place, ghosts Smith. It's been such a long time.



That Palko. Without his catch, maybe we win—but we are still ahead.



Three straight to the Phils, growls Hutch. It was nice to be up there.



We can't beat the Dodgers either. Oh, my poor baby bonus brothers.



What happened, Haney wonders. We can't be as bad as we've looked.



When Spahn is on, it's easy. The club showed me how it can rebound.



Wow! Twenty runs and nine in one inning. Walt Alston is a new man.



Five in a row since the All-Star Game—and Bender's hitting again.



A day off can't hurt us after losing seven out of nine—Birdie Tebbetts.



Kohnson gets heated, even the Giants are stifling my big sluggers.

WED**THU****FRI****SAT****SUN**

Win one, you're back in first. Sam Jones sure whiffed those Bums.



We climbed into first without four regulars. Wait till we're 100%.



Who needs regulars? Old Pecko fills in and he gets all of the runs.



The Dodgers aren't the only ones who can rally in the ninth. We do too.



Another late rally earned us a split and kept us up there in first place.



Aaron's hurt, but we win easy. Only one percentage point out now.



Lane wanted Mize out of there. Perhaps he could get Hodges out.



Those Soxter home runs look pretty. Two games from the Cubs do, too.



Wouldn't it be fine to play the Cubs every day? They're nice folks.



Cubs aren't as nice as I thought. Why, we could only win one from them.



Robin Roberts gets thrown out of there - and we get into third.



What's seven against us in the ninth, the way we're hitting 'em now.



Those Puzoses not only beat Von but shut us out. It's humiliating.



Eighteen hits today. Lane can't have any complaints this time.



Blasgame gets us one - without the curfew you'd see a bigger grin.



Slider's the key to our club right now. Because he didn't hit, we lose.



Three is a row to the Braves. How low can we drop in this race?



We're only two games out after some tough luck. Now we can go.



Lopata, pinch-hits a big homer in the ninth and so we finally win one.



Well, we got rid of the Phils. Now we're all set for a real big home stand.



Who misses Klu? Crows knocked in four runs. That's more like it.



My boys are hitting home runs again. All's right with the world.



Now I know how low we can drop - fifth place. Where will it all end?



So this is how Hutch felt. Should've yanked Gross with Lopata up.



This is really the end. What could I have done to deserve such a week?



FOUR OF THEM

THE SIX STRAINING RUNNERS at the top of this page (there are really seven) are Mike Blagrove, an Englishman; Stanislav Jungwirth, a Czech; Derek Ibbotson, English; Ron Delany, Irish; (Stefan Lewandowski, a Pole, is hidden behind Delany); Alan Gordon and Ken Wood, both English. Four of them, Ibbotson, Delany, Jungwirth and Wood, made track history at White City, London last week in this one race by running the mile in under four minutes: the first time so many had run so fast. Ibbotson, in winning, set a new world record of 3:57.2, almost a second faster than John Landy's 1954 mark. The quartet increased to 15 the membership of the exclusive four-minute-mile club.

A few hours before, Ibbotson, 25, an electrical engineer from Huddersfield, Yorkshire, had stepped off a train from the north of England. He went to a hotel to get some sleep, warning his friends: "It's going to be very interesting tonight. I think the time will be 3:50-something."

It was the first day of a two-day international track and field meet between London and New York, but the international invitation mile race was a strong co-feature which completely overshadowed the intercity contest.

As the big stadium clock showed around 8 p.m., the runners in the invitation mile came up to the line. Athletes on the green center field stopped warming up. Everybody tensed, and then the field was off.

"It's fantastic," gulped a spectator, as chunky Mike Blagrove led the pack

in what looked like a sprint to an astonishing first-quarter time of 55.3 seconds. "When I heard the time at the quarter-mile," said Ibbotson later, "I felt sick, but I was all right by the half-mile." And there they whipped past the post in 1:55.8; Blagrove still first, then Jungwirth, Ibbotson, Delany, Wood, Lewandowski, Gordon. Entering the backstretch on the third lap, Blagrove had to drop behind and finally out of the race altogether. He had done his part. At Ibbotson's request he had run a searing first two laps.

Jungwirth, renowned for his pace setting, reluctantly took over and, at the end of the third lap, the time was exactly three minutes. Ominously the bell clanged for the runners.

SHIFTING INTO HIGH

Ibbotson was so confident that almost at the very beginning of the backstretch he seemed to change gear. He caught Jungwirth and then sped round the last bend. Delany, badly positioned, had come rushing up with his expected finishing burst, but at the tape he was second, about 10 yards behind Ibbotson.

The first four runners crossed the finish line in under four minutes, for the first time ever (it was at the White City in 1955 that László Tabori, Chris Chataway and Brian Hewson had all beaten four minutes in the same race).

Derek Ibbotson seemed far from exhaustion. Triumphant, his arms held high, he ran a lap of honor before the delirious crowd. He drank a pint of

milk and then came off the center field. "I wanted a fast time because the only way to beat Delany is to run fast, since he's a fast finisher," he said.

Delany, utterly spent, had to be helped from the track by members of the New York team, who had believed him "unbeatable." Barely recovered, the Irishman explained: "If I'd been better placed, I might have caught Ibbotson. I felt fine until I saw I couldn't catch up. It was a fabulous race, a pleasure to run in. I shall dream about it for years."

New York won the anticlimactic match against London by 94 points to 61. But the meet was Ibbotson's. A gay, unassuming type, he was a comparative unknown in British athletics until 1955. Last year he ran his first sub-four-minute mile (3:59.4) and won a bronze medal in the Melbourne 5,000 meters. On June 15 this year the Yorkshireman broke four minutes again with a 3:58.4 at Glasgow.

After his record-breaking race and his milk, Ibbotson gulped down several glasses of champagne with admirers in the restaurant overlooking the track and then had a dizzy time in the shower room searching on his hands and knees for his soap. Just before midnight, he boarded a train with his wife (who has broken five minutes for the mile) and his baby daughter. The train was going to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where Ibbotson was running the following day in a two-mile handicap race. Gasped a popeyed reporter: "The man's a railway train himself."

—JOHN LOVESKY



MADE HISTORY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID MOORE

THE MOMENT ITSELF: Ibbotson burns over the line carrying with him new world mark for the mile.



THE MOMENT AFTER: Delany, completely spent, is helped by Charlie Jenkins and Aubrey Lewis, while Ibbotson trots gaily off for some post-race milk.



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

STONEHAM SAYS SOME OF IT • BASEBALL MOVES IN ON

THE STOCK MARKET • PERFIDIOUS PUTTER • RETURN

OF AN ELOCUTIONIST • A RIFLE IS A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND

LET THERE BE MORE LIGHT

IT IS SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's business to be concerned with baseball. Even more, however, it is our pleasure to be concerned with baseball, for we are fans, too. Last week, like several million other fans across the country, we became completely fed up with all the gobbledygook about franchise shifts and suggested it was perhaps high time that the paying public was let in on the secret (E&D, July 22).

The request was aimed at Baseball Commissioner Ford Frick and the two semitransient club owners, Walter O'Malley of the Dodgers and Horace Stoneham of the Giants. The day our magazine hit the newsstands, we received an answer—but not from Mr. Frick, who might be expected to be the spokesman in this matter, or even from Mr. O'Malley, who had done most of the talking, without really saying very much, up to that time. It came instead from Horace Stoneham. Not a very complete answer, true, but at least something.

In a news conference Mr. Stoneham said that he would (a) recommend to his board of directors (Stoneham and his sister, Mrs. Charles F. Audfhar, own approximately 60% of the stock) that 1957 be the Giants' last year at the Polo Grounds, (b) "consider" a proposition to keep the Giants in New York by moving several miles east if the city would build them a ball park in the Baychester area and permit the Giants to play there at a "reasonable rental," (c) as an alternative to this, recommend moving into Yankee Stadium, "but certainly not under the terms I have read about," and (d) recommend to his board of directors that the Giants move away from New York completely, to San Francisco, if that city offered a "suitable proposal."

Mr. Stoneham also said, among other things, that the Giants had to get away from the Polo Grounds because

of inadequate transportation and parking facilities, and that a Skiatron pay-as-you-watch West Coast television contract had nothing to do with it. He also said that he didn't believe New York City was going to build him another ball park; that he was not interested in Park Commissioner Robert Moses' proposed Flushing Meadows site (SI, July 22); that the moving of his ball club was not in any way contingent upon the Dodgers also moving to Los Angeles; and that he had not really heard anything from San Francisco interests since May 12.

All this as an owner. Speaking strictly as a fan—and there is no bigger baseball fan among major league club owners than Horace Stoneham—he said quite simply: "I believe the Giants will move to San Francisco." It was probably the most important thing he said.

The press conference admittedly cast a certain amount of light on a subject which could stand a great deal

more. But Mr. Stoneham, having spoken, refused to speak further.

"He doesn't want to say any more," said a Giant official, "until he has something more to say." An admirable policy, to be sure, but had Mr. Stoneham really said all there was to say?

Why, for example, did he even bring up the subject of a city-built ball park in Baychester if he is so sure the city won't build it?

Why not Flushing Meadows?

Why, if the move to Yankee Stadium really is a serious alternative, has he only read about the terms? Why not pick up the phone, call Dan Topping and ask the Yankee owner about terms firsthand?

Why is Skiatron's closed-circuit setup not a prime consideration, particularly in view of reports that each game broadcast via Skiatron will gross \$125,000 from an audience of 400,000 to 500,000? The Giants receive \$500,000 annually from their present TV contract.

CURRENT WEEK AND WHAT'S AHEAD

•Nobody Up There Likes Him

Dick Stuart, the piffling young man who thought hitting homers was the reason of life of baseball (SI, April 22), said when sent down to Class A Lincoln: "Pittsburgh didn't like me, Hollywood didn't like me, Atlanta didn't like me, my wife didn't like me (she divorced me), but Lincoln likes me"—found out otherwise. Lincoln benched him last week.

•Hot Summer, Leo?

Leo Hirschfeld, whose Athletic Publications, Inc. quotes odds on various sporting events (SI, Oct. 1, '56), has moved the store from Minneapolis, where a grand jury has been investigating gambling, to Davenport, Iowa. Iowa's attorney general went over Hirschfeld's handouts, found they didn't violate any state laws.

•To France, To France

English Channel swimmers are out practicing for the grandiose assault on the chilly strait Aug. 20 (providing tides are favorable), and trophy worth \$2,540 to the first greasy body to touch France. Oldest aspirant is Scottish grandfather Ned Barnie, 61, who nips whisky in mid-channel: "That's to keep me warm inside."

•Tragedy at 46

It was the hottest day of the year in New York (93.9°), and R. Philip Hanna, 46, radio singer and former national senior tennis champion, had just been defeated in the Eastern Senior Clay Courts championships. Dressing for a doubles match, he complained of a stitch in his side. Moments later Hanna died.

And why, if San Francisco really is the promised land, has its entire contact with that city in a period of over two months been one letter containing a map? And did the map say anything about the San Francisco weather?

At week's end Mr. Stoneham still had nothing more to say, although he had talked by phone with Mayor George Christopher of San Francisco. By phone, mind you, although Mr. Christopher was in New York on his way to a convention at Atlantic City.

It was hoped that soon Mr. Stoneham would have something further to say. If not, at least he had told the fans something, which was more than could be said for Mr. Frick or Mr. O'Malley.

DODGERS IN WALL STREET CONT.

THE stock of Skiatron, the pay television system involved in the proposed transfer of the Dodgers and the Giants to the West Coast, has been rising and falling so violently it arouses some speculation as to what the stock will do when the teams actually move and begin to play ball. Skiatron jumped from 3½ to 9 while the move was being discussed. On one hectic trading day, it climbed briefly to \$10 a share. The mayor of San Francisco started the boom two months ago when he disclosed that Skiatron had signed a \$2 million contract with the Dodgers for closed-circuit, pay-television broadcasts of their Los Angeles games (SI, July 16). And it was Mayor George Christopher who started a reversal of this happy trend at the beginning of last week by disclosing ruefully that it would cost between \$30 and \$60 million to install the necessary cables in the San Francisco area. Day by day, every time someone opened his yaps about the impending move, there was activity in the old stock exchange bull pen. At the end of Skiatron's bad week, its stock was back to \$7.75.

What, an economist might ask, will the investor do when the Dodgers and Giants are actually playing in Los Angeles and San Francisco. Will Skiatron Electronics and Television Inc. par \$2.50 go over \$10 if Gil Hodges hits a homer out of that dream park in Chavez Ravine? And fall if he strikes out? Somehow, Walter O'Malley and Horace Stoneham do not appear to be cut out for the roles of Daniel Drew and Jim Fisk struggling for control of the Erie, but even the robber barons of pre-SEC days could hardly hope for a more inviting prospect than one in



LOOK OUT BELOW!

If a squid makes a bid,
Use a chop to the ventricle;
If an octopus grabs you,
Tickle his tentacle.
(But don't mix them up—
They're almost identical)

—JACK MENDELSON

which batting averages and Dow-Jones averages had gotten mixed up, and stocks rose and fell with every pitch.

PUTT AND TAKE

DANTE MAGNANI, who once played halfback for the Chicago Bears and the Los Angeles Rams, gobbled up what sounded like a cinch of a bet at San Francisco's Green Hills golf club. A 10-handicapper offered to put Magnani's ball on every green in par (i.e., one on a par 3, two on a par 4 and three on a par 5) while he played his own ball from tee to cup. All Magnani had to do was hole out in an average of two putts to shoot par golf. But Magnani lost to the 10-handicapper's 83. On each hole Magnani's ball was placed at some extreme corner of the green with seemingly oceans of undulating green between him and the flagstick. By the time the round was over he had taken 15 three-putts, one four-putt, one two-putt and a 45-foot one-putt green for a total of 52 putts and an 88.

WAR ON THE GATOR

THE FLORIDA ALLIGATOR, long a tourist attraction regarded without repugnance, if not with affection, has suddenly become a hateful creature.

The death of a 9-year-old boy named Alan Rice of Eau Gallie, an East Coast town about 90 miles south of Daytona Beach, has been definitely traced to an 11-foot gator which was captured and promptly killed.

In the first bitter outcry, the Orlando *Sentinel* editorialized:

"The alligator, an ugly and vicious

remnant of prehistoric days, has been getting protection from sentimental sportsmen long enough. . . . Gators are killers, serve no known useful purpose other than tourist lure and souvenirs. . . . It's a wonder many youngsters haven't been killed by gators in years past. Certainly Florida doesn't need killers as an attraction for tourists. Death to the gators!"

Later, experts pointed out that alligator attacks are extremely rare, fatalities almost unknown. Earl Frye, assistant director of the state's Fish and Game Commission, said:

"We feel the alligator is an interesting part of nature's scheme of things down here and should be preserved. They feed on rough fish which are destructive to game fish. They help control the turtle population; during the dry season in remote sections of the Everglades gator holes are the only source of water for wildlife. Gators are only dangerous when they are no longer afraid of man. When they become too populous or bold around residential areas, naturally we think they should be removed to remote sections. I think most sportsmen would disagree with the Orlando *Sentinel's* hysterical demands for extermination."

Nevertheless, the Fish and Game Commission voted unanimously to remove protection for gators over 6 feet long in all parts of Orange, Osceola, Seminole and Brevard counties except in the St. Johns River and its tributaries.

It was not a war of extermination, but it was a war that would result in the immediate killing of two to three hundred gators. And henceforth, no man was likely to have to answer to the law for killing any alligator. He need only say he had been attacked.

THE ELABORATOR

HARRY BALOGH is a neat, dignified man who parts his hair precisely in the middle and his infinitives the same way. His speech is a blend of Lower East Side and old sports pages and in the '30s and early '40s it was almost impossible to present a major boxing show without signing Harry as ring announcer. His crashing clichés ("The Cinderella Kid who fought his way up from the docks. . ."), his mighty malapropisms ("an ex-native of New York") and his endless variations on the may-the-best-man-win theme ("may the better participant emerge triumphant") have passed into what Harry calls "the annals of fatiana."

confessed



"My handicap is 22 when I'm wearing a giraffe, 20 when I'm not."

Until recently Harry himself was in danger of becoming little more than a living footnote in those annals.

Since the coming of the IBC, Harry has not worked a major New York card; his appearances have been limited to small clubs and to "guest announcing" out of town. He will not discuss his exile from IBC arenas except to say, "I only work if I like the people—after all the announcer is the voice of the management."

This week, however, Harry was back in his element. Once again he is to announce "a stellar attraction"—the Patterson-Jackson fight. Now there are interviews to give, a new tuxedo to be fitted, old friends to greet, new ones to meet and advice to be given. "I'll just be glad when this is over," he says, not meaning a word of it.

His comeback is for him an occasion for remembrance. His career began at Grupp's gym in Harlem ("just say 'many years ago,' there are always people in the gallery looking for something to throw back at you"). One day Johnny Dundee came in carrying the Junior Lightweight Championship belt he had just won. "He felt highly elated, which is understandable, and I thought it would be a hell of an idea to introduce him so I stood on the apron and gave Dundee a deserving, great send-off and suggested people file past and look at the belt—it was what they call diamond-encrusted. When I got through with that, Dundee said to me, 'I've boxed all over the country and never heard anybody elaborate like you do. Why don't you become a fight announcer?'"

So Harry became a professional elaborator, first replacing an announcer at a Queens arena ("the crowd kept yelling at him to take the marbles out of his mouth"), then in the New York armories ("I worked six nights a week in the armories and at a girls' basketball game on Sunday afternoons").

"At that time," says Harry, "the dean of fight announcers was the late Joe Humphreys, who had heard of me and my work. He looked upon me as a son—and I say that with great reverence." In the early '30s Humphreys fell ill, and Balogh filled in for him more and more often, although, it is said, Balogh always passed his Madison Square Garden checks on to Humphreys all the time he was sick. After Humphreys' death, Balogh took over.

Admirers of Harry's rolling prose have suggested that Harry "deserves a

better platform than a boxing ring," but for Harry Balogh there is no better platform. Where else can you use a phrase when a word would do? "Anybody can introduce a fighter," he says, "but those extra 20 words . . ." He leaves the sentence dangling characteristically, communing, no doubt, with the muse who furnishes his unrehearsed torrents of inspired prose.

DOWN THE DRAIN

THE robust western tradition, alas, seems to be going down an air-conditioned drain.

Baylor University in Waco, Texas, apparently concerned about the rich, suffering football fan, is adding to its 50,000-capacity stadium an 85-seat, glassed-in lounge with air conditioning, heating, elevator and snack bar. The glittering *eyrie* will have 21-inch opera seats, a velvet foot curtain, the floor and telephone service. Ten-year options for seats sell for \$300 but this gives Texans only the right to sit there. In addition, they must purchase individual tickets which cost \$6 each.

OUTDOOR ECDYSIASIS

YOU KNOW what I do? I'm an exotic dancer—an ecdyast." Rose La Rose told a recent visitor to her rose-hued apartment in Manhattan. But an ecdyast, like everyone else, must have some extracurricular diversion, and Rose's happens to be big game hunting.

Last month Rose flew to Alaska, hired two guides, camped out in the wilderness, and finally shot a 1,200-pound Alaska brown bear. She did it, she says, not for the publicity but because she likes to hunt. A few years



ago she killed a 300-pound black bear in Maine. In her New York apartment she keeps a stuffed woodchuck which she shot one day on an island in Lake Erie. It is posed ferociously, fangs bare, on a papier-mâché rock.

How does an exotic dancer become a big game hunter? With Miss La Rose it began in a shooting gallery in Minneapolis. "I was waiting around one day till it was time to go to the theater," she explains. "You can't spend all your time in bars, so I stepped into this shooting gallery and—what do you know?—I won the jackpot.

"People kept telling me I should take up hunting, but I put it off. Then, going to Europe one day on an ocean liner, I found I was good at skeet shooting. They fire the pigeons out over the water, you know.

"Later some friends took me to a city dump in Columbus, Ohio where we got permission from the night watchman to shoot rats by spotlight with .22 rifles. I was good at that, too. Eventually I went on to the woodchuck and the black bear, and now this one. Of course, they could only estimate his weight, but the skin is 9 feet 7 inches long. The taxidermist is working on it now."

For a time, Rose considered shooting a polar bear so that she could use its skin in one of her acts—"the one in which I appear on a bearskin rug in front of a fireplace," she says. "I use this act around Christmas time. The name of it is *Sasha Baby*."

She gave up the idea because, as she said, "It's too dangerous out there on that ice." So she will continue to use a white bearskin from a theatrical properties house. She could, of course, use her Alaska brown bear when the taxidermist finishes with it, but she feels the white fur goes better with her coloring. Miss La Rose is a brunette with a very fair complexion and dark brown eyes which the casual observer would never guess to be those of a crack shot.

The Alaskan trip seemed to be dangerous enough, even without ice. She and a friend and the two guides flew out from Fairbanks in a light plane. After 100 miles they were out of radio contact with the home base. "I said, 'Gee, if we fall in this ocean, there won't be any way to tell anyone we're falling.' But we made it all right and we were out there eight days. Everything was canned—pork and beans, canned beef. We did have fresh eggs and bacon.

"Only another woman can know how painful it was to switch from five-inch heels—which I always wear—to hunting boots. I have bathed sometimes as much as 10 times a day simply because it's in one of my acts—sometimes we do even show a day in Newark—but out there I had no bath at all for 10 days, can you imagine?"

The party spotted the bear from the plane, then spent three days trying to find him again on foot. When they did, Miss La Rose fired two shots into him from 175 feet and he started rolling down the mountain. The guides finished him off.

"I used my Remington 30.06," says Miss La Rose. "I prefer it to the bolt-action 300 Magnum that the others were using. I think it's more feminine."

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

MIDSUMMER ALBUM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONOT G. SIMONSEMAN



Dearmont with guide and Ed Clark of Southwestern Bell in classic album pose



Dearmont, swacking a blundering muck

Barbasomus Nodds about gaudies



...and President Clark chops wood



A good cook, Widower Dearmont cooks for his family on Sunday

For 15 years Russell Dearmont, president of Missouri Pacific, and a number of his St. Louis friends have taken summer fishing trips to Ontario. This summer they flew to Miss Barbara Machin's camp at Shoal Lake, 40 miles from Kenora—half a dozen leading

business men who fished for walleyes and Great Northern pike, ate lunch outdoors, played bridge at night. Dearmont, generally called Senator because he was once a state senator, figured in the main wilderness experience of the camp when he chased a swimming

moose. Every vacation produces its classic views for family albums, differing in background and characters, but, like these, summoning up the wilderness that attracts Americans each summer like a fragment of their national past still persisting into modern times.



While an old, broke it away from spot he was fishing



George Hobbs of Hobbs-Waters Co. with Dearmont and Clark



and is shown helping with steak cookout for his camp friends

Nightly card games relaxed fishermen. Harshest comment recorded of Bridge Expert Dearmont to his poker-playing summer buddies: "If you'd only read Gore!"





COMPLEMENT OF KETCH "ALPHARD" INCLUDED KATHERINE HOYT, FIRST LADY TO SERVE ON A CREW IN 3,000-MILE RACE TO SPAIN

WONDERFUL WORLD *continued*

FAIR LADY; FOUL SEA

Ever since the schooners *Henrietta*, *Vesta* and *Flectwing* raced from New York to Cowes, England in 1866 for a \$80,000 pot, transatlantic ocean racing has been recognized as a hardy man's sport. The *Flectwing* lost six men overboard in that first race, and men were lost subsequently on the 1870 and 1935 races. The 11th and most recent transatlantic race, 3,000 miles from Newport, R.I. to Santander, Spain earlier this month, was happily free of anything as serious, but the 57 sailors who made the trip had plenty to write home about.

Halfway across, the yawl *White Mist* had her boom shattered by a huge



AS ATLANTIC STORM PLAYS HOE WITH WHOLE FLEET, HELMSMAN JURGEN KOK PILOTS YAWL "FIGARO" THROUGH STIFF BEAM WINDS

wave; her veteran crew sawed up their bunks to splint it together. At another point, the yawl *Figaro's* spinnaker sail collapsed and a gust knocked the 47-foot yacht over and water poured into her cockpit until her crew picked themselves up and righted her. Luis Vidua's (*Criollo* (first to finish) blew out two spinnakers, and Richard Nye's *Curina* (the corrected-time winner) had one of her halyards snap off.

But the hardest saga of all belonged to the little 42-foot *Alphard*, the smallest of the seven-boat fleet. *Alphard's* owner, Judge Curtis Bok of Philadelphia City Court, was fulfilling a long-standing ambition to cap his years of

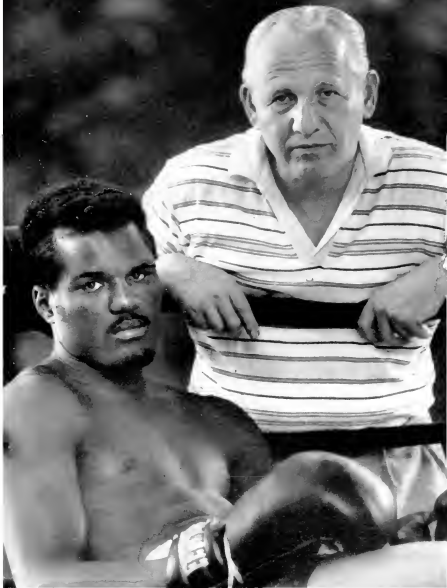
ocean cruising with a transatlantic race. Now that he was over 60, however, he made sure he chose his crew of six judiciously. First Mate Norris Hoyt of the *Alphard* had four transatlantic crossings to his credit since 1952. And along with Mr. Hoyt came wife Katherine Hoyt, to cook for the ship and to enjoy the post-race cruise that *Alphard* will make to Italy and Greece.

Alphard had just left the Azores behind when she was hit by what Crewman Redwood Wright called "a real stinker of a gale." *Alphard* was unable to sail the storm out. She lowered her canvas and bounced around for eight hours, getting pushed 50 miles off

course and losing her life raft to a huge sea that came aboard. When she finally did get sail up again, she lost a port stay, and only a quick tack shifted the strain to the starboard stay and saved the mast.

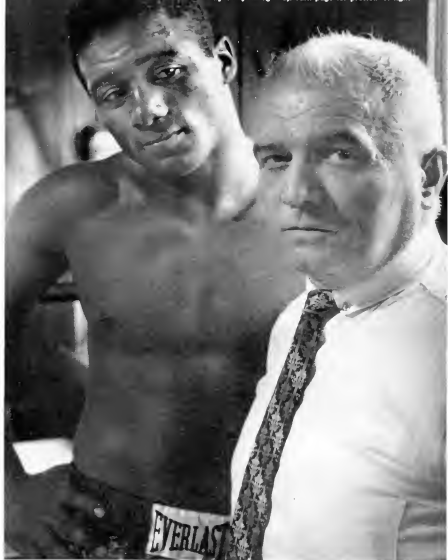
Alphard sailed into port dead last, four days and 14 hours behind *Criollo*, with the crew still dead game, the skipper satisfied that he had achieved a suitable zenith for his sailing career and the cook happy with the honor of having been the first woman to crew to Spain. And the Spanish, who had given each yacht a rousing reception as she sailed into Santander, gave *Alphard* a welcome that topped all the rest.

CALM BEFORE THE



BATTLE

Serenely awaiting their heavyweight championship battle are the four participants, Challenger Hurricane Jackson and manager, Lippe Breidbart (left, photographed by John G. Zimmerman), and Champion Floyd Patterson, with Manager Gus D'Amato (photographed by Garry Winogrand). Turn page for preview of fight



PATTERSON BY A KO...

by MARTIN KANE

What the judges did to me in darkness the Lord will rectify in the light.—Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson, Madison Square Garden, June 8, 1956.

That is Hurricane Jackson's text for the night of July 29, 1957 at the Polo Grounds.

Such sonorous eloquence comes naturally to this illiterate prizefighter's lips. His trainer, Whitey Bimstein, reads the Bible to him daily. Jackson keeps two Bibles ("one Catholic, one Presbyterian") at his training camp, Harry's Farm, on the east bank of the beautiful Delaware.

The judges he referred to that night had just voted against him in his first fight with Floyd Patterson, the fight that won Patterson, by a split decision, his chance at the heavyweight championship. Hurricane, eyes closed, looked like a small boy too proud to cry. He was trying to hold back his bitterness and trying at the same time to find words to express it. Finally, he found them.

Now, a year later, Tommy Jackson has another chance, this time at the title itself. It is Patterson's first title defense. It is also the first heavyweight title fight in eight years that has not been promoted by the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president). Cus D'Amato, Patterson's manager, has broken with the IBC, and so Emil Lence, a dress manufacturer with a love of the fight game's excitements, is promoting this one.

Despite the split decision of a year ago, Patterson is so heavily favored that bookmakers are reluctant to take bets. The 5-to-1 odds seem here to be an overlay. For one thing, judges in the past have been impressed, perhaps more than they should have been, by Jackson's curious but relentless pawings and slappings, by his stamina and by his ability to confuse prizefighters trained to contend with orthodox. For another, D'Amato is genuinely worried that should the fight go the distance and be as close as the last one his fighter will not get the best of it. Since the IBC, despite antitrust rulings, still is a tower of influence in boxing, its prestige hovers over this fight in an inverse sort of way. A Jackson victory will be an IBC victory, for, with D'Amato managing a mere ex-champion, one of Norris' thorniest problems will have been removed. If the boxing commission can find three officials who, even unconsciously, are not influenced by past IBC domination of boxing, there will be reason for everyone to have confidence in

the judging of the fight, should it have to go to a decision.

D'Amato remembers Referee Harry Kessler's adverse decision in the last fight. Kessler was Commissioner Julius Helland's pick as a referee of unquestioned integrity, but Kessler, counter to the opinions of the two judges and the vast majority of fans, voted for Jackson. Something like that could happen again. Honest officials do have their little quirks. And a hurricane spreads confusion wherever it goes.

This one already has spread confusion. Out of Christian conviction Jackson refuses to concede that the match will be a grudge fight ("It will be a fight, period"). But he holds that Patterson once betrayed him. It is a typically eccentric claim.

"We took an oath that we would never fight each other," Jackson salks. "Then he fought me."

Lappe Breidbart, Jackson's manager, moved in to clear it up. Naturally, it took a little doing.

Breidbart began with a limited explanation of the grudge that lies between him and D'Amato. The fight, indeed, might well be billed as a double-barreled grudge match. Neither manager will discuss fully the basis for their mutually cherished malice, but they have not spoken to each other in five years. Friends say it has to do with a political row when the managers' Guild was forming.

"This is not just a prizefight," Breidbart declaimed. "It is the story of four men—two managers and two fighters. If there is any justice [he looked heavenward], the pages have to be closed with a happy ending. Now I'll tell you how Patterson betrayed Jackson."

It seems that a couple of years ago Patterson and Jackson became fast training-camp friends. Breidbart's version is that a sly and scheming Iago Patterson, foreseeing that one day the two would meet in the ring, tried to "calm and cajole" The Hurricane.

"My kid," Breidbart said, "is very hungry for friendship, a very lonely boy. He is the kind who, if you tell him

text continued on page 29

PHOTOGRAPH BY RY FERRIN

A BROKEN RIGHT HAND forced Patterson (right) to depend mostly on his left hand in his first fight with Hurricane Tommy.



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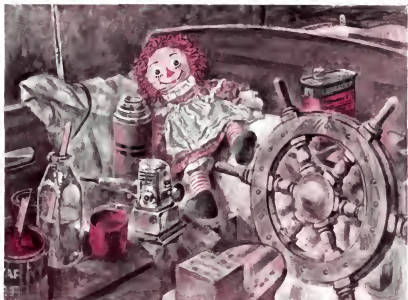


Illustration by Samuel Hatcher

A Man and His Family

Sometimes a man is known by the company he keeps, or by the clothes he wears.

Better is knowing a man by his smile, or by the things that bring joy to his heart.

... such as a 35-foot yawl that he and his wife and his teenage son will gladly spend the whole of a freezing day scraping and sanding and varnishing.

... such as a grinning rag doll that the smallest shipwright in the family has left behind to take her place as overseer.

By such things you may know a man and his family. You can see too, that they are the kind of people who subscribe to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. It is something they know well, and something they are happy to be known by.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

PATTERSON BY A KO

continued from page 24

before a fight you're his buddy, he'll let you bang him around for 15 rounds without hitting you back.

"Patterson told Jackson they were buddies. They promised they would never fight each other. Then, all of a sudden, somebody put them in the ring for a couple of sparring rounds. They did it while my back was turned, and when I heard about it I screamed. Patterson was looking to knock my boy's brains out."

In that brief session Jackson, though wearing a head-guard, was cut over the right eye. Lippe contends that the cut was opened with a well-placed lace. After that, but not until Lippe "explained" the situation to Jackson, the friendship was broken. The Hurricane is convinced today that he has no real friends anywhere.

"What I've got," he says, "is pretender friends."

Patterson, of course, is incapable of such scheming and does not betray friends. But the incident has been nurtured by Breidbart so that the normally benevolent Jackson will enter the ring in a venomous mood.

"Patterson will have to fight for his life," Breidbart says happily.

If Jackson's mood really is sustained until fight time it could be a most exciting bout. No one knows, however, what his mood will be from one moment to the next. To avoid newspaper interviews, he has pretended to be stricken with laryngitis, then accepted an invitation to join in the singing of spirituals. He has invented a secret punch, which he calls The Yagash, a word he also seems to have invented. It is a right-hand body blow, delivered downward, and is quite as sensational as the two-fisted uppercut he learned from a kangaroo. He has offended his manager by offering to fight Patterson for nothing, "just to make the world happy."

Breidbart has a stratagem to be used just before the fight. It is designed to put The Hurricane in a proper mood.

"I'm going to have his mother threaten to give him a good licking if he doesn't win," Lippe says, looking very cunning indeed. Mrs. Jackson has returned to the camp to prepare her son's meals. She had been there earlier but departed in a sports model huff when her son complained at being served chopped steak instead of hamburger. The regular chef quit a few days later. The camp press agent, Eddie Walker, has moved to a hotel to steady his nerves.

Both Patterson and Jackson have been training on the five-day week. Jackson's days off present a problem. Easily bored, unable to read, he has invented some amusements—like pretending to be a galley slave while rowing on the Delaware River—but Trainer Bimstein feels that gentler activity is more suitable on a rest day. The Hurricane, therefore, has formed a quartet with three sparring partners and has arbitrarily designated himself tenor. The singing, mostly spirituals, goes on for hours. The Hurricane does not seem to know the words to most of the songs but his high notes are satisfyingly excruciating. He enjoys them. A visitor, seeking conversational relief, inquired the other day what the name of a just-finished number might be. Some of the phrases seemed familiar, though vaguely. Hurricane consulted in whispers with the pianist, then gave the answer: "Nero, My God, to Thee."

Champion Patterson spends his days off training a group of 10-year-old idolaters to whom he is devoted.

"Those boys do everything I do," he says proudly. "They do roadwork, punch the bag, skip rope and spar."

Waking to take them on a picnic, he analyzed the com-

ing fight. He has advised the press that he does not believe he can knock out Jackson, but this, viewed in the light of the twinkle in his eye when he is pressed on the point, may be taken with a cellarful of salt. On the other hand, he has respect for Jackson's ability to take a punch. So does everyone. He has respect, too, for Jackson's ability to confound the properly taught fighter.

"One of the things Jackson does," he said, "is to go into a crouch from which he can't throw anything but a left hook. You look for a left hook. What Jackson does is throw everything but a left hook."

At 22 Patterson probably has stopped growing (top off about an inch and a half from his official height of 6 feet), but he is broader in shoulders and chest, a development of his muscle system which would indicate that his punch is more effective now. He has deliberately slowed his amazingly fast combinations to something like rocket speed so that each blow in a series carries more power.

"And I'm punching more flatfooted now," he said, "instead of dancing around. So my punches are harder."

Everything he has done has been aimed at improving his punch, and that is enough to persuade this observer that, at long last, Hurricane Jackson is going to be knocked out beyond dispute. (Throw out the Nino Valdes record-book knockout, made on the three-knockdown rule.)

Remembering that split decision of a year ago, Patterson has an excellent motive for wanting to finish this fight early. Even if all three officials vote for him, with Jackson on his feet at the end, Patterson will have failed to live up to the full stature of a champion. Boxing has degenerated in recent years, but not quite to the point where a Jackson belongs in the same ring with a champion. Patterson has a duty to knock him out. He seems fully capable of doing it—by the fifth round, maybe.

END



ALL REGULAR GUYS

One hundred and fifty of them will be at Hershey, Pa. next week for the Amateur Public Links tournament. Whoever wins, everyone will enjoy it

by GWILYM BROWN



FIRST BIG MAN: Carl F. Kauffmann of Pittsburgh, won three titles 36 years ago.

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS ago, when golf's melting pot, the Amateur Public Links championship, first started simmering under balmy and cloudless skies at the Ottawa Park Golf Club in Toledo, one despondent spectator, apparently unnerved by what he saw of the ingredients, shot himself through the head, and play had to be temporarily halted while they carted his lifeless body from the course. Since that day in 1922 nothing has happened to call for such drastic measures. From a field of 140 eager entrants, half of whom played wearing suspenders while another half played without benefit of golf shoes, the tournament has grown to the point where this year it had close to 2,000 well-equipped competitors and an astonishing high of 3,586 in 1946. One hundred and forty-eight have qualified (last year's finalists are automatically eligible) for the event which starts July 29 at the Hershey Park Golf Course in Hershey, Pa.

The idea for a national tournament, open solely to public linkers not connected with any private club, originated in 1922 with James Standish Jr., of Detroit, a noted tournament golfer and squash player then in his first year with the USGA, and he donated a trophy in his name to go to the individual winner.

By 1927 the tournament had its first "big man." He was a quiet, mild-mannered Pittsburgh steel mill clerk named Carl F. Kauffmann, who had lost in the final round the year before. He stepped firmly into the winner's circle and stayed there for three years, a record for occupancy which has not even been approached since. Forced to play 37 holes in the final round over Cleveland's Ridgewood Golf Links to win his first trophy from New Yorker William Serrek, Kauffmann had it a lot easier in 1928 when he rout-

ed Phil Ogden of Cleveland, 8 and 7.

Kauffmann won again the following year, but in 1930 his bid for four straight titles was quickly nipped. He was disqualified for a scoring error in the medal play.

In the years following 1930, the championship trophy was won by several schoolboys, a riveter, a Hollywood actor, a WPA worker, a steelworker, a truck driver and a bartender, just to list a few of the many who have been playing golf for nothing but the very special enjoyment of the game. In fact, one of the chief virtues of the Public Links tournament each year is the color and rousing love of golf shown by its performers. Their affection for the game makes the pampered, big-time amateur golfers of today seem like cynical touring professionals.

The steelworker, who won in 1939 at Baltimore, is a husky 6-footer who, like Kauffmann, comes from Pittsburgh. Right now he probably ranks as the grand old man of the public links. Baptized back in 1909 as Anthony Swedko, he insists on calling himself Andrew in stuhhorn deference to an early golfing friend who didn't care for Anthony as a given name. And his wife Mary still calls him Tony, now a steel pipe inspector at the U.S. Steel plant in Sharpsburg, Pa., still plays golf with the same fervor. This year he qualified for the 19th time to play in the Public Links championship. In his 35 years as a golfer, Swedko has won more Public Links tournaments and set more records in the Pittsburgh area than even his illustrious predecessor Kauffmann. "I had a lot of chances to join private clubs," Andy says, "but I'd rather play public links. They're more in my class—all regular guys. I guess the private club players are, too, but you've got to have more money to play with them."

Amiable Andy likes to "have a few beers with the gang" after he finishes his day's work at the mill, and on his weekends he may take his three sons out hunting. He nevertheless manages to wade out on the course three or four times a week where he will play a round or just practice a bit. In his backyard is a driving net where he tries to hit a few shots every day, but putting is his chief complaint. "After all these years, I don't know why, but I am not a brave putter," he grieves. "I like to play those four corners. They say the hole is round, but as far as my putting goes, there are four corners—the front, back and two sides."

Though he'll be 48 on August 1, he plans to stay in competitive golf. "I'd really like to come back and go all the way again," he says. Most of Pittsburgh hopes he can.

A 44-year-old Yonkers, N.Y. truck driver named Stanley Bielat, who won the title in 1950, is also back again for another try. Bielat grew into golf during what he refers to as the caddy days of the 1920s. He is single, and his job with United Parcel Service has proved an ideal one. The summer work load is so light that he is usually unemployed during July and August and is free to concentrate on golf.

"I'm playing fairly well now," says the man who led all qualifiers from the New York City area this year, "but I don't have the confidence I used to have. When you win a championship like the Public Links you figure that you can win again, but somehow or other you never do." But Bielat will be as ready as he can.

Two more typical qualifiers are a Mutt and Jeff combination from the San Francisco area. Five-foot 5-inch, 116-pound Bob Daniel is a commercial artist and will be competing in his seventh Public Links championship. He has been golfing since he was 16 a quarter-century ago and has won San Francisco's Lincoln Park championship eight times despite his short drives which average little more than 200 yards. Walt Gilliam, a 6-foot 6-inch, 240-pound Goliath, is another of seven qualifiers from San Francisco. Thirty-six-year-old Walt has been known to drive a golf ball 371 yards and averages 260 yards off the tee. Gilliam is a manager for a men's clothing store next to Stanford University and will be playing in his third championship.

Last year's two finalists, Defending Champion James H. (June) Buxbaum of Memphis and Runner-up William Searbrough of Jacksonville, Fla., will both be at Hershey for another swing



DEFENDING CHAMPION June Buxbaum, a salesman for General Electric in Memphis, won last year in his first attempt, hopes to make it two out of two in Hershey.

at the title. The 41-year-old Buxbaum, a salesman for General Electric, is something of an exception in public links circles in that he served time as a touring pro for a number of years before regaining his amateur status in 1953. His job with GE keeps him on the road a great deal and so he normally plays golf only once a week. But even at 5-foot-7 and 136 pounds he can hit a golf ball a good, long way. He plays a lot with his 31-year-old brother Bobby, who proudly boasts: "When we play partners we take on all comers. They call me One Percent. June is the 99th, member of the partnership."

Bill Searbrough, a chief aviation ordinance man stationed in Jacksonville, has an excellent Public Links championship record, the finalist last year, quarter-finalist in 1955 and semifinalist in 1954. He is a big, dark-haired man of 33, 6 feet 3 inches, 195 pounds, and figures that he has a good chance finally to make it all the way this year.

Those familiar with the short (6,055 yards) but tricky layout at Hershey

Park will have a distinct advantage. The feature hazard of this course is muddy, snaking Spring Creek. This 20-foot-wide stream winds back and forth across the fairways like a loathsome, murky reptile and presents perhaps 11 opportunities for the hard-pressed golfer to hit into really serious trouble.

The two finishing holes are about the toughest on the course. No. 17 is a narrow, 440-yard par 4 which puts a terrible premium on accuracy, and No. 18 is no more encouraging. The last hole is the only par 5 at Hershey, a 465-yard narrow dogleg over which Spring Creek veers back and forth, once 210 yards from the tee and again just in front of the green.

Down through the years the Public Links has produced golfers who went on to fame as professionals, such as Ed Furgol, 1954 Open champion; Walter Burkemo, 1953 PGA winner and 1957 PGASemifinalist; and Ken Venturi. But mostly these are just damn fine weekend golfers who can be seen on any municipal course the country over.

Turn the page for picture gallery of some of the contenders

REGULAR GUYS

Continued



CHIEF AVIATION ORDNANCE MAN with the Navy, William Scarbrough of Jacksonville, Fla. has come close to winning on three occasions, is incessant cigar smoker while playing his rounds.



STEEL PIPE INSPECTOR Andrew Szwedko is a real public link oldtimer. He played in his first national championship in 1900, won the title in 1939 and has won numerous Pittsburgh golfing honors.

COMMERCIAL ARTIST Bob Daniel of San Francisco specializes in hand-painted patterns for billboard signs, annually arranges vacation to coincide with the Public Links tournament.



MILLWORK ESTIMATOR Art St. John is a husky Oklahoma City golfer who has qualified for the championship six times. He also serves as the U.S. Public Links committeeman for Oklahoma.





DENTIST Donald Keith is one of southern California's finest amateur golfers. A 1954 USC dental school graduate, he played for the Trojan golf team, will be making the trip to his sixth Public Links.



SHOE STORE OWNER Chester Latawiec is a weekend golfer who keeps himself busy running the store in northeast Minneapolis. He'll be playing in his eighth Public Links tournament.

HOUSE PAINTER Eugene Lunni of Pekin, Ill. was the low qualifier at Peoria this year. Lunni is 35 and has been golfing since he was 8. He will be playing in his third Public Links championship.



METAL WELDER Ted Trullinger of Philadelphia, was raised in a golfing family and, like many others, will make journey to Hershey serve as his vacation. Reached quarter-finals in 1948.



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TIP FROM THE TOP



Especially for
high-handicap golfers

from HAROLD CALLAWAY, Pinchurst CC, N.C., Skytop Club, Skytop, Pa.

"Keep your eye on the ball" has so long been a maxim of golfers that it is now on its way into grade-school copybooks. What is the first thing you are told by friends or caddies if you flub a shot off tee or fairway? You took your eye off the ball. Maybe you did and maybe you didn't. Like all good things, this business of keeping the eye glued to the ball can be overdone. Concentrate on it too much and all sorts of trouble starts. For one thing, your head may stay in a too-fixed position as you hit the ball and follow through, thus preventing you from completing the proper hip turn on your stroke. At the finish of their necessarily constricted swings, many overintent ball watchers are bent over and off balance instead of finishing straight up with the body weight on the left leg. On the putting green, too, ball gazers are apt to stifle their feel of putting plus their sense of distance and direction.

Of course, every player should be conscious that the ball is there but not overinterested in its presence. Treat it like an ordinary pedestrian you see approaching—don't stare at it as if it were Marilyn Monroe or you may fall flat on your face, which renders a service to no one.



At left, correct;
below, incorrect



NEXT WEEK: ARNOLD BROWNING ON SIGHTING THE ROLL

THE GREAT IN TENNIS

*Collectively, the pros gave us the best
there is. Individually, Big Pancho
is still dominating the world's courts*

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT

PROFESSIONAL TENNIS is half sport and half theater. It is a road show which has its cast of actors and its director, in this case the astute and unchallenged Jack Kramer.

Producer Kramer last week threw all his promotional genius behind one big super-duper show, his Tournament of Champions at historic West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills. It was a show scheduled for a repeat performance a few days later on the other side of the U.S.—Los Angeles.

Kramer's colossal presentation, to use the Hollywood vernacular, started off with a press agency even the movie moguls ought to admire. With delicate timing, he signed Lew Hoad, the blond Australian, three days after Hoad had won the Wimbledon Championship for the second straight time. The Aussie was dramatically flown to New York to affix his name to a \$125,000 contract.

Then he was made an added starter in the Tournament of Champions, a round-robin affair involving the six best tennis players in the world. But there were other complications. Pancho Gonzales, who has proved himself the champion of the pros by cutting off the scalps of all of Kramer's new converts but who has been forced to remain a secondary figure moneywise, pointed on the West Coast like a John Barrymore. He didn't like the idea of Kramer's using Hoad so soon. It would ruin the big head-to-head series planned for next winter, he said.

Suits were threatened and then Gonzales, prodded by a lawyer's advice and a \$1,000 bonus lure from Kramer, made a dramatic appearance at West Side on the day the tournament opened.

The cast was complete—Gonzales, the champ; Hoad, the new challenger; and four others making up the greatest tennis sextet in the world—Pancho Segura, the circuit regular, Tony Trabert, Ken Rosewall and Frank Sedgman, the last flown 12,000 miles from Australia for two tournament appearances.

The schedule even was so arranged that Gonzales and Hoad would meet on the final day, ostensibly to decide who is the greatest player in the world. But then, pro tennis proved itself more sport than theater. It proved that in its unique showlike format there are still individuals with a burning desire to win.

This was an answer to the critics who scoff at pro tennis as sheer exhibitions without strong competitive meat. It was a ringing reply to those who say pro tennis is like wrestling, with preconceived designs to entertain the public.

SEGURA CONQUERED

Hoad beat a rusty Frank Sedgman in straight sets. Then he conquered Segura, the brown little Ecuadorian Indian with the two-fisted drive and one of the stoutest fighting hearts in the sport. That was two down and 3 to go for the Wimbledon champion. Gonzales, his big game crackling, won each of his matches handily to keep pace. Interest quickened.

Then Hoad ran into his boyhood nemesis, the tiny line-splitting Rosewall. And on the same court where 11 months ago Rosewall had smothered Hoad's bid for a tennis grand slam (Australian, French, Wimbledon, U.S.) Rosewall did it again.

This took a little of the edge off the tourney, but there still was the chance Lew could go into the final day with only this setback and a chance to beat Gonzales for the \$2,500. But Trabert, lean and hard after weeks of practicing with Gonzales on the West Coast, apparently was anxious to get even for some of the indignities inflicted on him in Davis Cup competition. Playing brilliantly, his service an instrument of destruction, he handed Hoad his second defeat. This clinched the title for Big Pancho and made the final Hoad-Gonzales match a mere formality—although a splendidly played one.

It was a disappointing start for Hoad, but quite understandable. The results proved that pro tennis hardens the sinews and quickens the reflexes of its converts much more quickly than does the amateur game.

Hoad still has equipment to become the king of the game. He is young, only 22, and the six months on the pro tour before he goes against Gonzales for keeps is certain to sharpen him considerably. He should put brains and cunning in a game now built on sheer strength and natural talent.

It was a wonderful show. The tennis was superb. Perhaps it was the greatest tennis ever crammed into so short a span. Yet the big concrete stadium only once was more than half-filled.

This brings up another point. The amateur tennis fan is not the pro fan, who is probably the same as the baseball, basketball and hockey fan, so pro tennis' big aim now is to do a selling job. It has the world's finest product. The people must be taught to recognize it.



RECENTLY SIGNED Lew Hoad chats with Gonzales. The young Wimbledon champion still needs more spotlight experience.

The East's poshest playground is a magnificent 40 miles of beach, sand, sails and millionaires



The Fabulous Hamptons

by HORACE SUTTON with photographs by TONI FRISSELL

IF NOT IN CANNES, Capri or the Costa-Brava this week, an Easterner, to be in the proper swim, would more than likely be found negotiating the summer sea in a watering place known collectively as The Hamptons, a narrow isthmus of sand, socialites and chic on the south shore of Long Island.

A sort of corner Côte d'Azur, The Hamptons begin at Westhampton Beach 30 miles from Times Square and from there run for 35 miles in the general direction of Spain, through Hampton Bays, Southampton, Bridgehampton, East Hampton and Amagansett, ending in a fish-town hamlet called Promised Land, 10 miles from the island's end.

Of these salt-water-licked, tree-shaded seaside cities, only Westhampton, Southampton and East Hampton really figure. The others must be classed as suburbs and appendages. The summer swimmer picks his Hampton according to his means of livelihood (artist, merchant or mogul), his wife's preferred dress (jeans or jewels) or his way of life (flash or heaps of old cash). Discussing the difference between them, an old-time resident of Westhampton was saying the other day that his Hampton is the friendliest, East Hampton is the richest and Southampton the snobbiest. But a Southampton businessman, born and bred

in the community, put it this way: "If, for the sake of argument," said he, "the Duke of Windsor should come down here, he would undoubtedly visit East Hampton. But he would stay in Southampton, and he wouldn't stop in Westhampton at all."

All of which might explain the preferences of the Duke, but it throws absolutely no light on the curious differences in the naming of the communities. A Mrs. Peanypacker of East Hampton leans to the theory that the original settler "Hampton" gave his name to the cause. The trouble with this is there was no Hampton (Hampton Bays came later) for South to be south of. Most likely, the original settlers, who boated in from New-Haven Colony in 1640, were thinking of the English seaport when they christened their town, just as a group of reformed Southamptoners, who called themselves "Proprietors" and headed east nine years later, named their new home Maidstone, after the town in Kent. The name eventually changed to East

(Text continued on page 42)

East Hampton summer residents Mrs. Laurence Laird Davis Jr. and son Laird go crabbing in a salt pond near Bridgehampton.





The beach is the Hamptons' beginning and end, where sooner or later all visitors, large and small, come for the simple solace of the sea. Here Lucinda Morrissey and Theodora Aspegren (right) partake of that solace by the handful while Mrs. John Morrissey watches.



The surf, even in its gentlest moods, is a rough and challenging element, as Tommy Davis (left), a Texas boy, and friend Ronnie Mathies know.



Apprentice to the manly art, young Andy Keyes puts on some big gloves with John Dux of Southampton for session on the beach. Behind him his playmates George Humphreys (top), Charles Stevenson Jr., and Al Whitby await their turns.





Summer sojourners gather at Southampton's Meadow Club for tennis, here watched by John Carney Jr. and Mrs. John Hewest.

Basking on Southampton's famous sands, Mrs. Luella Carhart, wife of Amory S. Carhart Jr., shelters under striped umbrella.



The Hamptons' younger set is typified by Jerry Kelly (left), with his sister Susan and friend Pat McCann at Meadow Club.





Evening on the beach finds surf casters on hand in their never-ending quest for stripers, bluefish or what have

you. Here at end of Ditch Plains Road near Montauk Lifesboat Station they cast patiently into the gentle sea.

The Fabulous Hamptons

continued

Hampton, for the very likely reason that it was east of its honored predecessor.

The logic of this is so irrefutable that it seems a shame to bring up Bridgehampton and Westhampton Beach. The former got its name after Josiah Stanborough, who had acquired land outside of Southampton in 1656, led a group of settlers there over a sturdy bridge he had built. But Westhampton Beach? It is as west as East is east. It must not have felt that way however, otherwise at the least it would have hypenated.

Whatever the reason, it is not likely to offend present-day Westhampton Beach, a lively community where the waves wash the night-tarnished glitter of the celebrities pried loose from the cafés of Manhattan, the houses are built on stilts to protect them from the rambunctious sea and the fire engines are embossed in gold with the legend: "Sons of the Beach."

Although the monstrous hurricane of 1938 all but wiped out Westhampton, sent whole houses floating out to sea and killed over 22, the lively rebuilt community now includes the Kriesslers, who run Manhattan's smart "21" Club, Philip Le Boutillier, chairman of the board of Fifth Avenue's Best & Co., P. G. Wodehouse and Arthur Treacher, the perennial cinema butler who shows up at local functions and bars with old Hollywood cronies long thought to be parked in moth balls. His recent house guests: Charles Ruggles, Joe E. Brown and Frank Fay. The community also includes the macabre *New Yorker* cartoonist Charles Addams, for whom Westhampton's history of disaster and hurricane only make it seem like home sweet home.

Cave for Castaways

Perhaps Addams' largest creation fills one whole wall in the bar of Dune Deck, a floozy cove for castaways from Broadway that rather resembles, in the flood of summer, a Lindy's-by-the-Sea. It has 54 rooms (all with bath), most of them either right on the sand, overlooking it or within a broad jump of the crackling waves. It takes its guests by the week and duns them anywhere from \$38 to \$45 a day for two, food included. There is water-skiing on the bay, which is just across the road, and there is tennis; but mostly there is the sea and the sand. Dune Deck—walls, boardwalk, deck chairs, settees, beach tables and out-houses—is bathed in a coat of bright turquoise paint, and on days when the Atlantic takes on the off-blue hue of the Mediterranean it would be hard to tell at first glance where the sea leaves off and Dune Deck begins were it not for the strip of sand between them.

For this season Dune Deck has added a sumptuous living room, which, with its Japanese screens and prints and trappings from old Nippon, is a study in Oriental modern design. This same décor has also been used by the Hampton Inn, a newly rehabilitated small hotel in Westhampton fraught with Japanese umbrellas over the cocktail tables, Oriental waiters and a beaded bamboo curtain through which a customer might very well expect to see Anna May Wong come strolling, albeit in a shocking-pink kimono. A glance at both these Oriental dens at the beginning of the season moved TV Comic Peter Donald, a Hamptons' habitué, to open his arms expansively and exclaim, "Ah, Yokohampton."

Although the Hampton Inn, which before its transformation was a summer sanctuary for lace-collared ladies, abets the mood of the East by serving excellent Chinese cuisine,

it rather confuses the motif by displaying Caribbean calypso murals on its walls, planting an ancient Amish cart alongside its driveway and burning Hawaiian *luna* torches on the lawn. There are rooms upstairs for the emotionally displaced at \$25 for two, with Continental (that's the European continent) breakfast.

Doubtless the most ambitious project on the Westhampton dunes is a pinked-up hybrid extravaganza known as the Bath and Tennis Club which, while neither a private club nor a public playground, is, all the same, a rather classic example of just what happens when someone lets Decorator Dorothy Draper loose on the beach with a fat bank roll. Diners and dancers who gather at the pink tables of the club's pavilion can watch the nightly circus under cover of an immense black-and-white striped tent illuminated by a dozen globes suspended from a cluster of bamboo fish poles. In a nautical nook known as the Wheel Room, alongside the big top, a man may take to drink—and small wonder indeed—snug in a saloon that has been paneled in pecky chestnut walls painted hysterical pink and hung with such relics of the sea as a gold wooden fish, a white wooden swan and a Very Old wheel.

Beach-front cabanas, which rent for \$1,015 the season and are sold out for 1957, come equipped with pink doors and purple settees covered by pink terry cloth mats. Cabanas that provide a sidelong glance at the Atlantic cost \$815 the summer. Club apartments which have peach walls and windows that offer a view of the pool, the cabanas and the sea rent for \$375 a week for two, including breakfast and dinner. At midday guests in bathing suits can contract for a hamburger on terms at a yellow and black cafeteria festooned with Scandinavian lanterns.

Across the road, and just a short ride in the club's six-passenger white electric cart, is the new hotel where 30 rooms, designed for yachtmen and late-season hunters and fishermen, rent for \$257 each for two. The inlet is also equipped with three Pédalo, pedal boats imported from the Riviera, which can be leased at \$5 the hour.

Completely bereft of Pédalo and pink settees are such staid old fraternities as the Westhampton Country Club on the mainland and the Quantuck Beach Club on the sand bar across the bay. Often called one of the most select beach clubs in the country, Quantuck was washed out to sea in the 1938 blitz and was rebuilt from scratch the following spring. It was only a few years thereafter that, with the new clubhouse, a simple frame structure tucked behind the dunes, Quantuck grew bold enough to permit gentlemen bathers to appear on the beach without tops. Among its 135 families, who pay a modest \$25 a season plus \$40 for a bathhouse, Quantuck lists Judge Harold Medina, the aforementioned Mr. Le Boutillier and Charles E. Wilson of General Electric. Although topsless bathing suits are now the acceptable dress for men, it is strictly forbidden to bring intoxicating potions on the premises, and nursemaids who may in the call of duty venture near the water may not, all the same, bathe in the sea.

There are both a beach club and a field club down the line at Quogue, a small enclave of perhaps 800 summer souls of solid wealth and quiet taste who live between the borders of jazzy Westhampton and fish-happy Hampton Bays. Aside from Novelist John O'Hara, Playwright Arthur Laurents, Designer George Nelson and Magazine Editor Ted Patrick, the inhabitants of Quogue are neither particularly well-known nor particularly social regulars. Hemmed in by strict, self-imposed zoning laws that prescribe minimum sizes for houses and lots, they live in a sedate, always-wear-a-tie, cocktail party life, play tennis



Majestic, Tudor-style clubhouse of sumptuous Maidstone Club is surrounded by two magnificent golf courses (18 and nine holes), an 11-acre driving range, 26 grass tennis courts, a 25-yard swimming pool with cafeteria and tent-covered patio and 120 two-room, two-shower cabanas.

and golf at the Quogue Field Club and visit its pink and white pavilion Saturday nights for the weekly dance, frequently to the music of Lester Lanin's orchestra. Mr. Lanin, busy as a squirrel with a cache of seasonal nuts, farms out musical aggregations all over the social seaboard, playing about 50 dates in The Hamptons every summer.

But no Hampton keeps Lanin and that other party piper, Meyer Davis, busier than Southampton, an ancient community of large old houses, large old matrons and large old trees, both botanical and family. Behind the high green hedges live an assortment of Dukes, duPonts, Henry Ford II, Dan Topping, Clifford Hood (president of U.S. Steel) and such social stage personalities as Silent Star Richard Barthelmess and Gary Cooper, who visits his in-laws, the Paul V. Shildeses.

A Show Place in Ford's Future

Brought to The Hamptons by his wife's family, who inhabit a string of estates along the sea, Henry Ford II is building one of the greatest showplaces of the times. He has had to lay over a mile of black top through the fields of rye to reach the land which blankets 100 acres on the east end of town. The white brick house with its white columns and its steep gray slate roof stands before a driveway 100 feet square. Above the portico are four large baskets of cement fruit. Whole paneled rooms, fireplaces and parquet floors have been imported from European chateaux in the grand fin-de-siècle manner perfected by the Vanderbilts. There is a four-Ford garage facing the servants' quarters, a wing that stretches 110 feet long. The back of the house looks out to a channel pond where wild white swans visit, but Ford has also dredged a smaller pond beyond the swimming pool. Just over the protecting dunes is the sea. So far the Fords have 1,082 feet of beach, but he would like to add another 1,000 feet. The bill is running, so a municipal functionary judges, about \$800,000. Luckily for the owner, assessed valuations are considerably lower. The Ford place—unfurnished—is rated at only \$150,000, which means an annual local tax of about \$8,500.

At that, Ford's assessment is only the second highest in Southampton, a township that realizes about \$8 million a year from taxes on summer houses. The Henry F. duPonts' 40-room white brick quadrangle by the sea is assessed at \$175,000, producing a tax bill of about \$10,000, which arrives just before Christmas.

Still, there seems to be money left over for a rousing round of private parties which are given outdoors under canvas on the grounds of the big estates. A typical soiree might call for a tent and dance floor, with a connecting canopy to the driveway in case of rain. Sometimes, when the hostess prefers that the house not be touched at all, kitchen tents are set up on the lawn and the cooking is done on propane stoves. A plywood shell covers the orchestra, the supporting tent poles are decorated with ferns and the tablecloths are picked to match the canvas. Favorite Southampton color for the tenting: pink.

Guests are frequently invited to arrive at 11 in the evening: chefs imported from New York at \$50 each rattle up scrambled eggs, sausages, corned beef hash, hamburgers and pancakes. Robert Whitebower, a New York caterer who comes down to Southampton to handle the summer rush, estimates that a supper party will cost about \$6 per person for the food. But that is just the beginning. Tenting trucked from New York may cost \$600, and then there are the music, liquor, decorations, parking attendants and private police. A small supper for 500 may well break up at 5, 6 or 7 in the morning, by which time the host has spent about \$8,000. During the two summer months Southampton sees about one such party a week.

For entertainment in public view, Southampton might repair to Herb McCarthy's Bowden Square, a sort of municipal fun house which offers lunch, dinner, drinks and dancing to society orchestras every night except Monday, when a jam session erupts in the main hall. For those who come for tangible nourishment, the kitchen dispenses Montauk lobster, Long Island duck, local oysters and Peconic Bay scallops, which are as big as a pinky joint. The whole

continued

The Fabulous Hamptons

continued

institution, as well as its inmates, is tended by McCarthy, a man who for reasons best known to himself always appears on the premises in a starched white coat.

Diners dance under a plastic sky, and steaks sizzle over an open broiler up the street at the Post House. And some of The Hamptons' beststeaks are being dished out this year in a low-lit, low-ceiling roadside rest called Trade Winds, in Water Mill, which is being operated by Dick Ridgely, who used to be Paul Whiteman's drummer.

There is no telling who may gather on the candlelit terrace of the Irving House, a sprawling, vintage hotel that has been sheltering Hamptons' visitors for 89 years. Sampling the steam table delights the other night were Senator Jack Kennedy; Peter Lawford; Earl E. T. Smith, the Ambassador to Cuba; Gene Tierney; and Cordelia Drexel Biddle Robertson, whose book *My Philadelphia Father* became the Broadway hit *The Happiest Millionaire*.

Aside from subsistence in the open air, the Irving House lets no fewer than 156 rooms, which are tucked away in five buildings sprawling over 37 acres. Most rooms rent at \$15 a night, including breakfast which is provided in the guest's quarters by two indefatigable millers who, trays in hand, roam the preserve at a dogtrot all morning long. Like many another homeless Hamptons visitor, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough holed up in the Irving last summer in a snug apartment complete with private entrance, private garden, a living room, three bedrooms and three baths. The bill was \$553 a week, including meals for two. Although the Irving operates with a staff of 82 this summer, it is also housing 14 personal maids who have accompanied their mistresses to the shore.

Life Among the Crustiest

Many a matron who would rather avoid the house problem, the meal problem, the servant problem, the weekend guest problem chooses the Irving and for social life spends the summer days in Southampton's clubs, reputed to be among the nation's crustiest. One bathes, when one is socially acceptable, in a beach club known as the Bathing Corporation, a cognomen that strangely seems to mix business with pleasure. On a narrow ledge of land between a pond and the breaking surf, flanked by the estate of the late Charles Merrill of Merrill Lynch and the maroon shingles of St. Andrew's Dunes Church, the Bathing Corporation has crowded a pool, a covered restaurant, a shaded pavilion and an aging clubhouse built in the Spanish hacienda style perfected by Addison Mizner in Palm Beach salad days. Some 400 carefully screened families share 400 feet of beach, the nannies in white dresses and floppy straw hats watching the towheads burrow in the sand, the young guard in madras, dirty tennis shoes and no socks, the old guard surveying it all under a panoply of pink parasols.

The parasols appear, too, on tournament days at the creaking clubhouse of the Meadow Club, an association for tennis enthusiasts which was founded in 1887 on the estate of J. Bowers Lee, one of Southampton's first summer residents. The first tournament was held in '88, and there have been 69 since then—three won by Tilden, two by Vincent Richards, three by Frank Parker, four by Bobby Riggs and three in the '40s by Pancho Segura. A prime stop on the grass court circuit which included the Merion Cricket Club in Philadelphia, the Newport Casino tournament and New Jersey's Orange Lawn Tennis Club, the Meadow Club's bid was once a coveted invitation for the

tennis troupe. In Southampton there were large houses, large parties, large cars and a large selection of debutante daughters. But too many borrowed cars were smashed, too many wine cellars tapped, too many housemaids compromised. When Bill Douglas, the present pro arrived after the war, he found the touring tennisists bivouacked on cots in the squash court. While the annual tournament on the club's 29 grass courts is no longer the gayest tennis party in the country, nor indeed does it attract the biggest names, those who come are back in the big houses, and the Meadow Club is content that it is doing its bit for the game.

The National Golf Links of America, on the other hand, a golfing fraternity which nestles on Southampton's Shinnecock Hills and which a national magazine once called "America's snootiest golf course," has only had one professional tournament in its 49-year history. That was in 1928 and, although the professional players were not permitted in the clubrooms and restaurant, they were, after some discussion, permitted to shower and change clothes in the lockers. The experience was both traumatic and memorable, and members cluck about it to this day.

Although the Shinnecock Country Club, the country's oldest incorporated golf club, which adjoins the National, is a country club for family use, the National is a golf links for men. The males dine in a long glass-enclosed loggia looking out to a soft view of Peconic Bay, which separates the two fins of Long Island. Women dine in their own viewless salon in the front of the building, and on weekends and holidays they may play the course before 9:30 a.m. and after 3 p.m.

Often said to be the best golf course in the country, the National was founded and designed by Charles Blair Macdonald backed by 79 founder-members, a body that included William K. Vanderbilt and Harry Payne Whitney. Today a life-sized statue of Macdonald by Prince Paul Troubetzkoy casts a somewhat severe glance over the membership, which numbers slightly more than 400. A cruise about the links the other day turned up Dan Topping; Henry Ford II in pink slacks and a baby-blue polo shirt; Juan Trippe, president of Pan American, in an old tennis cap; Frank Pace Jr., former Secretary of the Army; and Earl E. T. Smith. Also on the rolls are Vincent Astor, Gary Cooper, Angier Biddle Duke, Henry duPont, Benjamin Fairless, Pete Boswick, Harold S. Vanderbilt, William Paley and John Reed Kilpatrick.

It is conceivable that when such an assortment of chiefs gets together the talk may well run to tribal politics. But at lunch on the loggia the other day, while creaking into the cold lobsters with mustard sauce for which the National also has a noteworthy reputation, the talk turned to national disasters. "Just what do you suppose was the greatest catastrophe that ever struck this nation?" asked Thomas Wright, the club president, who had in mind the tidal wave that swamped Galveston in 1900. Some mentioned the General Slocum disaster. Others the San Francisco earthquake and the Chicago fire, when finally an authoritative voice spoke up. "Why, gentlemen, the worst disaster that ever struck this nation was the New Deal." Around the table there was a murmur of "Amen."

Only some of these aspects of high society survive the 13 miles that separate Southampton from East Hampton. It is a road bordered with corn stands, with clam sellers, with broad vistas of potato fields dusted with a frost of white tassels. Tiger lilies are summer candles in the meadows, and there are watery dales where white ducks grow fat before they are sent to market. Some nights the stingiest sliver of a moon hangs, stony and incandescent, over the

Montauk highway, and the neon glimmers by the side of the road, urging a wayfarer to pause.

Doubtless the most implausible of plausible is a retreat midway between South and East Hampton known as Out of This World. The decorating motif—which includes, at some juncture or other, pink brick, Grecian heads, Japanese flags and fish net—is probably Early Maritan. The piano player, Mr. Ralph Strain, is supplied his own retiring room adjoining the end of the keyboard, a chamber open to the public and finished in Turkish provincial. The men's room contains a life-sized poster of Jayne Mansfield on which any visitor—the management provides a crayon hanging from a string—may inscribe a personal message. Out in the gardens there are pebbled walks, flaming torches and, beyond that, six rooms for guests, all of which were rented en bloc by a psychiatrist last year for the therapeutic use of his patients.

A run on the menu

So many patrons descend on Out of This World for dinner after the Saturday night cocktail parties that the place puts up a Saturday night Chuck Wagon at \$6.50. The rest of the week one may have the run of the menu, a card about the size of a 24-sheet poster, which comes equipped with a flashlight dangling from the cord in the fold. Dinners run from \$4.75 to \$8.75 for steak which you may broil yourself.

However expensive that sum may seem, \$8.75 will scarcely purchase an entrée at The Hedges, a branch of New York's Pavilion, which stands in a delightful glen at the very gates of East Hampton. Here, under a spreading hazel-

nut tree, the overpaid are overfed an exquisite assortment of French preparations in a setting which, with its greenery and its soft tree lights, is a breath of a bistro in the Bois de Boulogne. Dinner will run about \$20 per person or, as a sometime customer likes to point out, "It is the only restaurant in the United States where a waiter can carry \$80 worth of food in one hand." Like the Pavilion in New York, The Hedges is run by a diminutive, unsmiling Frenchman named Henri Soulé, whose ample girth and dour mien seem to indicate that he might well have been nourishing on his own food and paying up on his own checks.

For those who can pass Soulé's and proceed with solvency into the confines of East Hampton, a lovely green awaits, the approaches delighting the eye with a reed-fringed, emerald pond, and beyond that the sloping south end cemetery, now an island between two roads, where wild tiger lilies decorate the headstones of the early settlers.

Ever since the artists came in the 1870s, entranced by the gray shingle houses, East Hampton has had cultural overtones. Later, there were Irvin Cobb, John Barrymore and Wallace Lee. It supports a summer theater which draws not only a dressy crowd but such theater people as Alfred de Laage Jr., Robert Dowling, Paul Osborne and Robert Montgomery. After the show there is the 1770 House across the street which serves steak, shrimp and hamburger sandwiches in the Cupboard Room and drinks in a telephone-booth bar in the basement.

The board chairmen live in East Hampton too, particularly along Lily Pond Lane, a street of magnificent homes. They play largely at the Maidstone Club where, from the headquarters in a large weather-beaten shingle clubhouse, the view gives out landward to the club's own golf course or seaward to the beach club and its string of cabanas. Elsewhere there are 23 grass tennis courts, an open-air pool and a great white ballroom where Maidstone's members dance eight times a summer under chandeliers strung with fake flowers and strings of crystal beads.

Lately the town ramparts have been breached by television writers and directors who spill over into the neighboring community of Amagansett, a sort of hive for bohemians where the colony has been joined for the summer by the Arthur Millers (nee Marilyn Monroe). If, like other Hamptons visitors, who first came to look and then returned to build, the arty ones can probably be counted on to turn out imaginative abodes that zoning laws and pure local horror would prevent in, say, Quogue or Southampton. A designer-builder named Evan Frankel, who occupies a carriage house on an East Hampton boulevard known as Hither Lane, has lately built a swimming pool in what was the foundation of the main house on his property. With Greek statuary tucked into the niches of the red brick walls around the pool, greenery growing out of old sewer pipe painted white, bathers crunching mulberries from a fertile tree with their bare feet and a cascade tumbling from boulders above, the setting is as ripe as old Rome for bacchanalia by the shore.

Strangely, though, the artists have made no bacchic beach of The Hamptons. They cluster, come the weekend, in an Amagansett brauhaus called the Elm Tree Inn, and they live quietly and paint serious avant-garde impressionism in their homes in Springs, east of East Hampton's Eden. Schopenhauer is discussed on the sand at Coast Guard Beach and, for sunless hay swimming, safe for children, there is the quietude of Gardiner's Bay, where a writer, an avant-garde artist or a man with merely moderate vision can look across to the curving arm of Long Island and see the stacks and steeples of Promised Land. (ENR)



"Too bad you didn't hold out all summer while you were at it."

THE MAKESHIFT

THE ALL-STAR GAME has come and gone, and the hot humid days of mid-summer are turning baseball diamonds into sweltering outdoor ovens. Now is the time for second-division teams to turn in their springtime hopes and play out the rest of the season in leisurely fashion. Not so, though, in sixth-place Baltimore, where every game is fought as if the Orioles had been hurled into the leading National League pennant race.

Unnoticed everywhere, except of course in Baltimore, has been the Orioles' unheralded success since Memorial Day. In those two months, only the Yankees have played better ball in the American League. Baltimore has not only ceased to be another breather on the schedule of the pennant contenders, but also has become a particularly onerous thorn in their paths. The White Sox found this out when they lost five out of seven games to the Orioles in June, just when their pennant hopes were starting to rise, and then dropped two out of three to the Orioles in July, when Chicago was trying vainly to get back into contention.

For one glorious day, right after the All-Star break, the Orioles sat giddily in the first division, above such established names as Detroit and Cleveland. Less than 48 hours later they had lost two bitter games to the Indians and were back in the frustrating confines of sixth place.

Manager Paul Richards dressed quickly after the second loss and was the first one out of the locker room. He strode quickly from Municipal Stadium, his lean, loose-jointed figure tense with the bitterness of losing. The players were going directly to Detroit by bus for a double-header the next day. Richards and his coaches were going on a luxury liner that made the trip across Lake Erie in a leisurely six hours.

Stretched out in a reclining chair on the deck of the *S.S. Agawawa* as it steamed along, Richards tried to unwind his taut nerves.

"We have come to where we are so damned close to the kind of ball club I'm trying to build," he said quietly while lighting a cigaret. "What kind of team is it I'm trying to build? I'm going by the old maxim developed by John McGraw and used to good advantage by Bill Terry after him. I want a team that can get somebody out. A ball club that can play defensively and let the other team beat itself. I'll continue along these lines until somebody comes along with a bat big enough to displace the defensive player. In my opinion, it will be that way forever."

Richards leaned forward and flipped his cigaret over the rail. He lit another and flopped back in his chair. "It's rumored that I'm a magician in taking pitchers nobody else wants and making winners out of them. Nonsense. I saw a

good arm on every one of those pitchers. You've got to have a good arm and be able to take criticism.

"There's no magic formula. We don't try to teach anyone a mysterious pitch. We try to win his confidence. Try to find out what can help him. Then we try to get the best from him. The main thing is to establish a routine for his throwing, his conditioning, his running his entire life between starts. A lot of pitchers don't know how to bring themselves up to that first pitch in a ball game."

Richards paused and stared out over the water. "A pitcher may need just one more pitch to be a winner. You can teach him if he has a good arm and wants to learn. He has to learn rhythm

that is, an ability to throw all his pitches with the same motion.



THE CAT AND THE WIZARD (Pitching Coach Harry Brecheen, left, and Manager Paul Richards) on steps of Oriole stadium. Behind them, salvaged pitcher Billy Lee.

MARVEL

Players who joined Baltimore with sorry records have been transformed by Manager Paul Richards. Now the haughtiest in the league fear those Orioles

by LES WOODCOCK

"You must not teach a pitcher according to the same way someone else did it. Each one is a different person, and the technique changes with each. Harry Breehen, our pitching coach, is a keen student of pitchers and their personalities. He's very good with young kids and has a good approach with the older guys. We both have the same attitude toward pitching."

NO PENNANT THIS YEAR

As Richards was delivering his shipboard soliloquy, nobody afloat or ashore had any illusions that the Orioles were going to win the pennant this year or the next. They may not even improve on their sixth-place finish of 1956. But they are definitely a better team than last year and are one step nearer Manager Richards' seemingly

unattainable ambition: pennant contention.

"They're a tough bunch to beat," said Detroit Manager Jack Tighe recently, after winning a close extra-inning game from the Orioles. "Their defense is outstanding and they hustle like hell. There's a good degree of intelligence on that club. Their pitching is not overpowering, but it's good. They all get the ball over the plate and are always in the game."

"They were real tough even when they weren't going so well at the beginning of the season," added Indian Manager Kerby Farrell after a hard scramble to split a four-game series with the Orioles. "We'd beat them but every game was close and tough."

Although it may never appear in the standings at the end of the year, the

improvement of the Orioles does show up, clearly and sharply, in a few revealing statistics. In 1956 Baltimore tied with the Indians as the worst-hitting team in the league. It was all by itself in making the fewest hits and scoring the fewest runs. Today the Orioles are third in batting and hits and sixth in runs scored.

Third in American League fielding last year, the Orioles have the best fielding percentage in the majors today. Although fielding averages can be deceptive, they show that Baltimore has made the fewest errors in the majors.

Five other clubs in the American League stole more bases than the Orioles last year. Today the team is second only to the perennially fleet-footed Chicago White Sox (Right Fielder Al Pihlak leads the club with 11, one behind the two league leaders).

The pitching staff was sixth-best in the league last year and had only one man with an earned run average below 4.00. Today, with essentially the same pitching staff, Oriole pitching is third-best in the league and four are better than 3.00.

The team Richards has fashioned after 114 player transactions is featured by a tight defense, speed and strong pitching. It is a team that rarely beats itself. There are no big power hitters (Gus Triandos leads the club with nine home runs), and only First Baseman Bob Boyd is batting over .300. But there are six players clustered around .280.

The Orioles don't score many runs, but then again, neither does their opposition. Oriole pitchers have allowed more than five runs in just 16 games and won four of those games.

The names of the pitchers on the team are not ones that should inspire awe in opposing batters. Except for the Orioles' original bonus baby, Billy O'Dell, the average fan has the feeling he has heard these names somewhere else, on some other roster. He'd be right. They all have kicked around the various major league cities and were found lacking in one respect or another. Yet, gathered together under

continued



THE MARVEL

continued

Paul Richards' wing, they have become one of the strongest pitching staffs in the league.

George Zuverink could win only nine games with Detroit in 1955 as a starter, but has already equaled that total this year as a reliever on the Orioles. "When Hoot Evers came to Baltimore from Detroit," says Zuverink, "he told Richards I had a good arm. The first day I was with the club he started working with me. He'd watch me throw and then change little things that have all added up big. He had me bring my arm back further when I threw my sinker. Now I get better leverage. He changed my slider into a quick-breaking pitch. Richards doesn't slap you on the back when you do well. But you know he's pleased. I've gained confidence in myself here because I know darn well he wouldn't be sending me out all the time if he didn't think I could do the job."

"Some pitchers get in a rut," adds Hal Brown, who won only one game in his last full season with Boston before coming to the Orioles. "Paul is watching all the time. You might not see him but he's watching. You may just be doing some little thing wrong and not even realize it. He'll send one of his coaches to tell you or tell you himself. He may even show you by throwing the pitch himself. Heck, outside of a fast ball, he can throw as well as anyone on this club."

Perhaps Richards' most satisfying job has been his handling of Billy Loes. Noted as a pitcher with everything but the right temperament while with the Dodgers, Loes has developed, under

Richards' patient handling, into one of the best pitchers in the league.

Ken Lehman, another ex-Dodger who could never make the team, has won three games in relief and shows a solid 2.70 ERA in the month he has been with Baltimore. Ray Moore kicked around the Dodger farm system for eight years before coming to Baltimore. In his 2½ seasons under Richards, Moore has become the work horse of the staff and has won a total of 28 games.

The few hits and runs Richards' pitchers need to win have been supplied, as expected, in varying degrees by Catcher Gus Triandos, Left Fielder Bob Nieman, Bob Boyd and the veteran George Kell. The big surprise for the Orioles has been the all-around play of their second baseman, Billy Gardner. A .213 hitter in two part-time seasons with the Giants, Gardner could only increase that mark to .231 as a Baltimore regular last year. In spring training Richards said that Gardner was his second baseman right from the start. Playing in every game so far, Gardner leads the team in runs scored, hits, doubles, is third in RBIs even though batting leadoff and is hitting .278. Not a fancy fielder like smooth-wheeling shortstop Willie Miranda, he nevertheless makes all the plays at second and is always hustling.

"Richards gave me confidence by playing me every day," says Gardner, "even when I wasn't hitting. He's helped me a lot with my hitting and has taught me a lot. That's the amazing thing about playing under Richards. He doesn't assume you know everything just because you're in the big leagues. You're playing here in the majors but at the same time you're learn-

ing more about your job from him. He sees everything and helps in so many ways."

Jim Bushy, a .300 hitter just a few seasons ago, was an in-and-out .189 batter this year with the Indians. Since he came to Baltimore in mid-June, Bushy has been playing a solid center field and hitting nearly 100 points higher. "I'm a guy who has to play regularly. Of course, I played regular last year and batted only .235. I can't explain what's happened to me. It's like you wake up one morning and suddenly everything changes. I will say, it's sure nice to be back with Richards."

Former batting champ Billy Goodman sat on the Boston bench most of this season nursing a lifetime .300 average. When Richards added him to his motley collection of castoffs, Goodman forced George Kell into part-time duty at third and is batting over .300 as in years past.

NEW LIFE IN BALTIMORE

It is no accident that seemingly washed-up major leaguers catch a second wind in Baltimore. From the first day of spring training, the Oriole squad works hard at the trade of baseball. Fundamentals, such as bunting, are worked on, over and over again. During intrasquad games Richards has a protective screen placed directly behind the catcher. While the game goes on, he and his coaches sit behind the screen on campstools and closely watch everything that is going on before them.

"If Paul sees a batter doing something wrong while he's at the plate," Harry Brecheen said, "he can tell him right away. It keeps these guys thinking all the time."

HIGHLIGHT

Early last week the Philadelphia Phillies, led by their excellent pitching staff, emerged from the sweaty broll of struggling National League contenders and sniffed the cool fragrance of first place. They ingested there only 48 hours, barely long enough to enjoy the view. And then they fell.

The descent began July 16 when the Milwaukee Braves came to town. In the ninth inning of the first game, with the Braves leading 6-2, the Phillies loaded the bases with two out. Richie Ashburn came to bat and cracked a wicked line drive to right center. It looked like a sure double. But, even as the runners streaked around the bases, 36-year-old Andy Pafko, racing far to his right, hurled himself through the air to make the catch and end the

game. Said the disappointed Ashburn afterwards: "He's been taking hits away from me ever since I came into this league. I have to rate him as the best outfielder in the league, at least when I'm batting." Philadelphia managed to hold its slim lead, however, when second-place St. Louis also lost.

The next night, Robin Roberts, whose strong arm for years has kept mediocre Philadelphia teams out of proximity to the dollar, pitched a scoreless first inning. When a close decision went against the Phils in the bottom of the first, thus squelching a potential rally, Roberts protested so vigorously that Umpire Joeck Conlan ejected him from the game. The normally placid Roberts erupted (left), and had to be restrained from tussling with Conlan. (For his action, the National League players' representative was later fined \$50 and suspended for three days.) Roberts'



A familiar sight now in Baltimore is that of a pitcher leaving a game for one reason or another and then spending a good 15 minutes throwing in the bullpen under the watchful eye of Brecheen while the game is still in progress. Chances are that Richards had spotted something the pitcher was doing wrong while he was in the game and wanted him to work on it immediately.

"If you play under Richards, you'd better be prepared to work," says George Kell. "And you'd better be serious about playing ball. There's no joking in his clubhouse after a loss. The spirit is good here and we know we are a better team than last year."

Or, as Paul Richards himself put it, in the unfamiliar setting of a ship cruising between Cleveland and Detroit: "The only thing a baseball man can go by is: What was the over-all picture when he came? What was it when he left? If I left now, I'd have to say we have a little better ball club. I think we should do even better. We in Baltimore are trying desperately to build a ball club. Anytime you're desperate about something, you have to make mistakes.

"As you improve, it gets harder and harder to get the players you need. Our farm system will be the ultimate test of how high we can go. At this point we are merely a little better prepared for the .350 hitter who may develop in our system. But when he shows up, we'll give him the royal welcome.

"Someday," Richards reflected as he thought of the stream of players he has seen come and go in Baltimore, "I'll have a team that will be set for four or five years. Then I'll sit back in the dugout during a game and just wink, and the players will know exactly what I want them to do." (END)

replacement on the mound was bombarded, and the Phillies lost again, 10-3. This dropped them to third.

Nothing spectacular happened the next night. No fights, no great catches... just a good solid game. But the Phils lost it 4-2, and sank to fourth.

Milwaukee left and Cincinnati arrived, but little else changed at first. The Phillies tried their best pitcher, Rookie Jack Sanford, but the Redlegs hit him freely and won 7-2. And the Phils slid to fifth.

So it was... four places in four days. It was typical of the 1957 National League pennant race, where no position is secure, no lead commanding. One solace for poor Philadelphia: the drop to sixth is long and improbable. And, as a matter of fact, when on the fifth day the Phillies finally won, they returned to fourth. Philadelphia fans hoped the road up would be as short as the road down.—W.B.

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HORACE STONEHAM

*A profile of the hard-nosed president
of the New York Giants, who
runs his show in the old tradition:
reprinted from The New York Times*



HORACE CHARLES STONEHAM is an outstanding current example of a dwindling breed of baseball club owner. To their president, the New York Giants are no diversionary outside business pursuit, followed on the amorphous ground of civic spirit or sportsmanship. Nor does his ball club represent to Mr. Stoneham merely a speculative pawn in a high-stakes game of commercial chance. Baseball—specifically the Giants—is his one business and his consuming interest in life. All his adult years—and a few before he reached voting age—have been spent in the Giants' front office. The 54-year-old president would not have it any other way.

Yesterday he reaffirmed his intention of staying in baseball by informing a House Antitrust subcommittee that he would recommend to his board of directors the moving of the Giants next fall to a West Coast city—probably San Francisco—if the club received a suitable offer.

The Giants have been a Stoneham family enterprise for nearly 40 years. With John J. McGraw and Judge Francis X. McQuade as minority partners, the late Charles A. Stoneham, Horace's father, purchased the franchise in 1919 from the Brush Estate.

The chubby-faced Giant president is alternately sentimental and stubborn—to the occasional despair of his asso-

ciates. His hobbies are classical music, detective fiction and liquids proscribed for athletes in training. He is also a clubman of sorts.

As a young man, Horace was a sporadic student at the Hun School, Loyola School and Pawling—well-known prep schools. His college career was brief—"four days at Fordham" he recalled. A year spent working in a California copper mine sobered him to some of the realities of adult life.

On his return from mine labor, Mr. Stoneham entered the Giant organization. Starting from the bottom, he made the rounds of the club's administrative department. He now is guiding his son Charles Horace (Pete) along the same path, as a member of the Giant ticket office.

He applied himself to his various chores with such absorbed vigor that he was a knowing and well-rounded baseball man when in 1936, at the age of 33, he assumed the presidency of the Giants after the death of his father.

He still is a do-it-yourself president. He serves, in effect, as his own general manager and keeps an attentive eye on the minutest details. . . .

From his office eyrie above the center field clubhouse of the Polo Grounds, he critically watches every pitch and every play of every Giant home game. He follows the Giants' games away

from home on television or radio when he cannot make the trip.

He lives with his wife, the former Valida Pike, and his son in a Sutton Place apartment in the luxury section of the Upper East Side. His daughter, Mary, is the wife of Major Charles Rupert of the United States Army.

Because of Mr. Stoneham's close association with all Giant developments on and off the field, the Giants are a folksy type of operation. This has irritating, as well as endearing, features. But at least there is little of the soulless corporation about them, which cannot be said of all baseball clubs.

As a hard-nosed baseball man who runs his own show and makes his own decisions, Mr. Stoneham is entitled to take more than perfunctory bows when the Giants prosper, which they have done more often than not. . . .

With less working capital at his disposal than have some owners, Mr. Stoneham has helped keep the Giants in business by executing trading coups that have dismayed other clubs.

Taking bows for Giant successes also imposes the obligation to accept brickbats for Giant failures. However, while Mr. Stoneham may not be blameless in the present difficulties of his sixth-place club, it can be said that his mistakes were of the head rather than of the heart.

END

THE LAVENDER MOB

In sports car racing that means the Washington leadfoots who like to win trophies, and do so with some frequency

by KENNETH RUDEEN

LAVENDER is a color that is not ordinarily associated with adventure and speed. With Easter eggs and bonnets, yes. With sports car racing, no. Well, around Washington, D.C. you'd better smile when you say that, for lavender is the rallying color of one of the most successful and resourceful sports car organizations in the country. When the Washington region of the Sports Car Club of America ran off its inaugural national race meeting the other day at the new Marlboro Motor Raceway, lavender was, in fact, the color of the day.

Why lavender? Three years ago, when some of the Washington kids zipped around the Cumberland, Md. course with their usual zeal, a race official rapped their hands verbally in an article for the SCCA magazine, *Sports Car*. The official, the well-known Anglo-American racing driver Dr. M.R.J. Wyllie, characterized "five percent of the entrants" as "egregiously unsporting pothunters," i.e., overeager trophy seekers, and suggested that their brand of racing was more attuned to the Indianapolis "500." At the same time, the Alec Guinness film, *The Lavender Hill Mob*, was playing in Washington. The link between trophy hunters and an engaging pack of British thieves may be a bit tenuous, but the boys from Washington found it, nevertheless. They formed The Lavender Hill Mob Racing Association, adopted lavender as their battle color and went off pothunting with a new esprit.

Early in 1955 The Mob opened a 7 10th-mile race course on U.S. 301 near Upper Marlboro, Md.—only 15 miles east of Washington. The Mob realized it could not obtain a national race day with so short a course, so last winter it began to solicit financial help for expansion. More taxing than financial ways and means was the problem of squeezing a road course of satisfactory length into a tiny plot of 28 acres. The old course was modified and extended into a twisty, 1.9-mile layout

with seven turns and a tricky chicane.

Already accustomed to filling a little with a lot, The Mob crammed 11 races into the one-day national SCCA program and challenged the rest of the country to come a-trophy hunting. "We feel," said Robert J. McKinsey, a Washington lawyer, head of the 500-member Washington SCCA region and a founder of The Mob, "that if you can handle this course, you can handle anything, and we think we have, overall, the best drivers in the SCCA."

A WARM, WET DAY

On race day, hot, humid air lay heavy over the raceway. The cars and trappings of 118 drivers jammed the infield. In the stands, 6,000 spectators perspired patiently. They were to see some of the liveliest dicing of the sports car year as Charlie Wallace, a Washington hair stylist, started things handsomely for The Mob, poking the lavender fenders of his Porsche Spyder ahead of the Porsche driven by a newcomer who is going places, Bob Holbert of Warrington, Pa. Washington's Richard Nash kept the lavender aloft with Porsche victories in the second

and seventh races; the Washington dentist, Dick Thompson, extended the lead on his reputation as the nation's best Corvette driver by dominating the fourth and ninth events; and Wallace finished second in an electrifying Porsche duel with the talented Holbert in the sixth race.

It wasn't The Mob's day altogether, though. New Jersey's Walt Hansgen, whose heavy foot and increasing security have hurtled him to a place among the top U.S. drivers, thumped his opposition in a 16-lap preliminary and in the featured 25-lap closer.

Each race course has a character of its own; Marlboro, with its excellent visibility, is likely to become known as a spectator's rather than driver's course. For the driver, the high quotient of gearshifting and braking tends to be tiring—"like beating each other with short sticks," as Carroll Shelby, whose Maserati was dogged by mechanical trouble, put it.

All in all, though, it was a big day for The Mob. "It's embarrassing," said Bob McKinsey, trying hard to look embarrassed, "how many trophies are staying right here." END



MONSTER Dick Thompson, a Washington dentist who is the nation's best Corvette driver, at speed in the model with which he won two races at the inaugural Marlboro meet.



PART TWO: Mr. McDonough's Magic Shovel

The Magic Begins to Work

by GERALD HOLLAND

A whirlwind tour of Ireland completes the spadework of weekend economic survey and makes secure forever the glorious place of the shovel in the history of Irish athletics

When Sports Illustrated published an account of Ronnie Delany's welcome home to Ireland after his Olympic victory (SI, Jan. 21), a reader named Bernard Patrick McDonough, a West Virginia businessman whose interests include the largest shovel factory in the world, got in touch with the author of this report. Their acquaintance prospered as they discovered a mutual interest in Ireland, and eventually Mr. McDonough invited the author to fly to Ireland for a weekend and see what might be done to improve economic conditions over there. Before leaving Idlewild, the author, for reasons he has not disclosed, arranged with TWA to fly out of Mr. McDonough's shovels to Ireland on short notice. The plot thickens and is finally and happily resolved in this concluding installment.

AT SHANNON AIRPORT, where a driver was waiting with a Vauxhall sedan to drive us wherever we wanted to go, I decided to tell Mr. McDonough something I had been thinking about on the plane.

"Mr. McDonough," I said, "now that we are on Irish soil, I wonder if I might presume to think of myself not only as an American sportswriter but as a consultant on Irish affairs and, if you will, a sort of public-relations counselor. Have you any objections?"

Mr. McDonough held up a hand.

"Please," he said, "think of yourself in any way that gives you pleasure."

"Thank you," I said. "Now I feel free to bring up a public relations thing. Back home, during our first telephone conversation, you asked me, 'Will the Irish in Ireland work?' You said they were excellent workers in other lands, but you were not so sure of them over here. May I ask if the question still interests you, sir?"

Mr. McDonough nodded.

"It's an important question," he said, "because if you pay a man 50c an hour and he's not a worker, he may actually be costing you \$2 or \$3 an hour."

"I can understand that," I said. "But I don't think it would be wise to ask your question indiscriminately over here. It might put people's backs up. I would suggest that we start off by visiting some cousins of mine. I think we can get some frank answers from them."

Mr. McDonough said I was the doctor.

I leaned over and spoke to the driver: "Take the road to Ennis and I'll direct you from there."

It wasn't long before we had pulled up in front of the home of my Cousin Michael, whom I had met for the first time in my life during my visit to Ireland with Ronnie Delany. Cousin Michael raises beef cattle and farms 200 acres and keeps in close touch with things.

"You can wait in the car," I said to Mr. McDonough, "and I'll see if they're up yet." It was just a little after 8 in the morning.

I opened the gate and started up to the front door. I hadn't gone more than a few steps when I was suddenly set upon by two huge dogs who came racing around the side of the house and almost knocked me down and then started nipping and snapping at my wash-and-wear suit as I fought my way to the door.

"Down, boys, down!" I cried, but that only seemed to anger them.

Mr. McDonough watched from the car with a bemused look on his face, and I became almost as embarrassed as I was frightened out of my wits.

Then, providentially, there popped into my mind a

continued

McDonough's Shovel

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Gaelic phrase I had heard James Cagney, the actor, use in telling a story one time. Whirling on the dogs, I flung out both arms and shouted: "Fog as bealach!"*

Whether it was the Gaelic command or the waving of my arms that did it, I do not know. But the dogs fell back as if I had thrown scalding water upon them.

The commotion brought Cousin Michael, a tall, spare man in his 50s, to the front door. He was thunderstruck upon seeing me, but recovered quickly and beckoned to Mr. McDonough to come into the house. I ran back to the car to get a brown paper envelope out of my bag. It contained something I had been studying at odd times ever since I went to West Virginia to meet Mr. McDonough for the first time: the fat catalog of the O. Ames Company, the largest shovel factory in the world, now a division of the Bernard P. McDonough Company.

In a little while we were talking away at a great rate over the tea and brown bread that Cousin Michael's wife, Cousin Lena, had served us. When I sensed that the cordiality of the occasion had reached a proper level, I said to Cousin Michael: "Cousin Michael, Mr. McDonough has a question to ask you. I have advised him that it is not a question to be asked of just anyone. I also told him I was sure you would receive it in the proper spirit and not get your back up."

Cousin Michael and Cousin Lena exchanged glances. I signaled Mr. McDonough like a director giving an actor a cue.

Mr. McDonough put down his teacup. He looked from Cousin Lena to Cousin Michael and then he said: "Will the Irish in Ireland work?"

Suddenly, like the wail of a banshee, there came a great howling and yowling from the dogs outside the house. It was sheer coincidence, of course. Cousin Michael, however, seemed to welcome the chance to rush to the window and draw aside the curtains and peer out. He turned to Cousin Lena.

"They've a driver out there," he said. "Has anyone asked him to have a cup of tea?"

"In a minute," said Cousin Lena. "You've been asked a question."

Cousin Michael came back and sat down in his chair and held his hands out to the electric heater on the floor. Finally, he leaned forward and, looking directly at Mr. McDonough, he said:

"They'll work for a stranger."

Nobody said anything.

"Put a stranger in charge," said Cousin Michael, "and he'll make them work. They won't work for anyone they know."

Mr. McDonough pulled out paper and pencil and started making notes. I reached into my brown paper envelope and drew out the shovel-factory catalog. I turned to the page containing the aerial views of the factory, which looked like it might be a branch of General Motors. I handed it to Cousin Michael and said, "This is Mr. McDonough's shovel factory in the United States."

Cousin Michael took the catalog carelessly and said again to Mr. McDonough: "They'll work for a stranger. That's the key to the situation."

Then he looked down at the photograph of the shovel factory. His eyes widened and his mouth fell open a little.

He slapped the catalog smartly and jumped to his feet.

"Put me in charge, Mr. McDonough," he exclaimed. "I'll make them work!"

There was silence for half a minute and then Cousin Michael realized he had eliminated himself by his previous remarks, and there was a good laugh all around. Cousin Michael asked did we want whisky or sherry and we said neither this early in the day. Before we got up to leave, Cousin Lena told us that some German industrialists were starting a factory in County Clare (it was the Germans who built the electric power plant on the Shannon years ago) and Mr. McDonough raised his eyebrows and made a note of that significant piece of news.

Finally, off we went to visit other County Clare cousins. We missed Cousin Thomas who was off in the bog, too far to fetch. Cousin Johnny was out, and the cousin who has the pub, one of the McDermotts, had not opened up yet. But we found Cousin Della at home and she sent the boy out into the fields to tell Cousin Paddy.

A tribute to the shovel

Over more tea and brown bread, we talked of enterprises that might be started up in Ireland. Cousin Paddy (he went to agricultural school) said an experimental farm would do the country immeasurable good and Cousin Della said a sportsman's lodge on the shores of beautiful Lough Derg (a widening of the Shannon, really, and heaven for trout fishermen) would certainly be a sound investment. Mr. McDonough nodded in agreement and made notes.

With that we said goodbye and pushed on toward Galway. Along the way, as we passed through a village, Mr. McDonough suddenly cried out: "Pull over to the curb!"

He was out of the car in a flash, and I followed him and saw what had caught his eye: some shovels on display outside a kind of general store. As Mr. McDonough picked one up and examined it, the proprietor came out of the store and introduced himself as Paddy Corcoran.

"I've never seen a shovel like this," said Mr. McDonough.

"That's for cutting turf," said Mr. Corcoran, "or peat, as you would say, I suppose."

I ran back to the car and got my brown paper envelope with the shovel catalog in it. Dashing back, I showed the picture of the big plant to Mr. Corcoran.

"This is the largest shovel factory in the world," I said. "They turn out 10,000 a day." I pointed to Mr. McDonough, indicating he was the proprietor.

"Go 'way," whispered Mr. Corcoran, looking at the picture. "Go 'way!"

"Mr. Corcoran," I said, laughing a little bit in self-deprecation, "I'll confess something to you. A few weeks ago, I was under the impression that the shovel had gone out of existence in this modern age of machines."

Mr. Corcoran looked at me pityingly.

"My dear man," he said, speaking as one would to a child, "the shovel will never go out of existence. I don't care what scientific advances there may be."

"I believe that now," I said. "We'll always need the shovel."

"The shovel," said Mr. Corcoran, "is the grandest implement known to civilized man." He looked at Mr. McDonough, who nodded in agreement.

Mr. Corcoran turned back to me.

"Just consider now, mister," he said, "the shovel is with you all your life. Here in a country such as ours, isn't it the shovel that turns the sod so the seeds may be put down and the vegetables grown and the oats and

* "Clear the path!"



MIKE DELANY collaborates with the then Lord Mayor of Dublin, Robert Briscoe, in turning sod with McDonough's shovel.

barley and all to provide sustenance for the growing child?"

"Yes," I said, "that's true, Mr. Corcoran."

"Take a lad reaching the threshold of young manhood," said Mr. Corcoran, beginning to warm up to his theme. "He goes out to look for work. He's untrained. So the prospective employer says to him, 'What can you do, m'boy, what can you do?'"

Mr. Corcoran looked from one of us to the other.

"Well, now," he said, "if the boy can say nothing else, he can certainly say, 'I can shovel.' And then, and then what is the employer to reply except, 'Well, my lad, that's something, that's something surely. There's a lot of shoveling to be done!'"

Mr. Corcoran laid a finger alongside his nose. He seemed at a loss for a way to develop his thesis further.

Then, across the street, a priest in his cassock walked slowly by, hands clasped behind him, eyes on the walk before him, obviously deep in thought as though he might be pondering next Sunday's sermon.

It was the inspiration Mr. Corcoran needed. He thrust out an arm to point.

"Take him," he whispered. "Did you ever stop to think, mister, what's waiting for all of us at the end of the road, at the end of the line? Isn't it the shovel in the hands of that holy man as he sprinkles a few clouds over the box and speaks in the Latin tongue the words, 'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,' and down you go and the shovel covers you over?"

Mr. Corcoran bent down in a half crouch and spread out his hands.

"Isn't it something to think about, mister?" he croaked. "Isn't it something to *conjure* with?"

Mr. McDonough put the shovel he was holding back into the rack.

Mr. Corcoran straightened up and spoke more rapidly as he saw we were getting ready to move on.

"You talk about your scientific discoveries," he said, "your machine age, your atom bomb, your *kodak* bomb. Have all the scientists, so called, found anything yet that does as much good, that is with a man in life and in death like the shovel?"

Mr. McDonough nodded and put out his hand.

"It's been a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Corcoran," he said. "And you've certainly given us something to think about."

"Ah, they were just a few thoughts at random," said Mr. Corcoran. "You'll come inside and have a little drop of something surely?"

"Thank you," said Mr. McDonough, "but we're behind schedule now."

At Galway, we went directly (and incognito) to the shovel factory, which turned out to be a foundry really and made other things besides shovels. On a good day, a dozen or so shovels might be produced. The factory had a dirt floor and there were great leather straps turning the machinery. The power came from a generator which was turned by the river flowing underneath the plant. Thinking of the vast shovel factory in West Virginia, I looked at Mr. McDonough. He gave no sign of what his reactions were, beyond pulling the sheaf of papers from his pocket and jotting down some notes.

We stopped at the Shamrock Lodge in Athlone for dinner, and while we were eating, the proprietor, Mr. Frank Coen, joined us.

"May I ask, gentlemen," he said politely, "when ye arrived?"

We said we had landed at Shannon that morning.

"And how long will ye be in Ireland?"

We said we thought we would be ready to start back on Monday evening.

A very worthy cause

Mr. Coen looked from one of us to the other and finally he said, in the kindest way: "Ye arrive on Friday and ye go home on Monday? Ye are stark mad. Why, I went to see a man across the street one Saturday night and we got talking and I didn't come back until Tuesday."

Next morning, as we rode along the road to Dublin, Mr. McDonough referred to the shovel factory for the first time.

"As you can imagine," he said, "it would be far more practical for my purposes to build a new factory than to take over the one in Galway."

"I should think," I said, "that the government man we're to meet in Dublin will have some valuable thoughts on that subject."

"Possibly so," said Mr. McDonough, "possibly so." He lit a fresh Sweet Afton cigarette from the butt of another one. He had succeeded in quitting smoking back home, but now he was chain-smoking again, having tired of refusing the cigarettes that were pressed on us every time we met someone new.

I looked out the car window, thinking not of shovels in mass production but of one particular shovel. This was the one I had arranged with James Cahill of TWA to fly over to Ireland when, and if, I gave the word. We drove past a

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McDonough's Shovel

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caravan of tinkers and ancient stone walls with such sentiments painted on them as "Boycott An Tostal" (the annual festival to welcome tourists) and "Shun Cycling Slaves," the latter a reference to bicycle racers of whatever athletic faction the sign writer happened to be against.

I decided to take Mr. McDonough into my confidence.

"Mr. McDonough," I said, "would you like to hear about a very worthy cause here in Ireland?"

"All right," he said.

"By way of preface," I said, "let me say that since you proposed this weekend visit to Ireland, I have been trying to think of some way to make it sort of symbolic of Irish-American interest in the Old Country."

"Well," said Mr. McDonough, "I'll tell you something. I've felt for a long time that the Irish have gone out all over the world and a great many of them have done very well. But I've heard of very few coming back to help Ireland."

We looked out over the countryside, lush and green, with the fine-looking cattle grazing in the fields.

"This thing I have in mind," I said after a minute, "is a campaign to build Ireland's first cinder running track of Olympic standards. Did you know that the country which has produced one of the greatest runners of the mile in Ronnie Delany hasn't a cinder track of her own?"

"If they can produce runners like Delany," said Mr. McDonough, "what do they want with a cinder track?"

"That's just it," I said. "Delany left Ireland and went to Villanova University in the United States. They have every facility, including cinder tracks. If he hadn't gone to Villanova, if he had stayed here and been forced to race and train on grass alone, maybe he would never have run a sub-four-minute mile. Ronnie has said as much himself."

"It seems to me," said Mr. McDonough, "that Ireland has more pressing problems than cinder tracks."

"Just a minute," I said. "Do you admit, sir, that young people are leaving Ireland in great numbers?"

"So I'm told," said Mr. McDonough.

"All right," I went on, "now consider this. Suppose Ireland was to get her cinder track and start turning out top-flight athletes by the dozen. Ronnie himself has said that's possible. Don't you see, sir, the effect on the morale of the youth? Don't you foresee the upsurge in national pride? Don't you see an Irish Olympic team at Rome in 1960 that will be the wonder of the world?"

A reason for running

Mr. McDonough lit another Sweet Afton.

"What," he said, "is being done to get the cinder track?"

"There's a man in Dublin named Billy Morton," I said. "He's the big organizer of amateur athletic events and is the honorary secretary of the Clonliffe Harriers."

"Harriers are hounds, aren't they?" said Mr. McDonough.

"Literally speaking, yes," I said. "But in this case they are cross-country runners. There are all sorts of running clubs in Ireland. Delany's club is called The Crusaders."

"There seems," said Mr. McDonough, "to be an awful lot of running in Ireland."

"Well," I said, "money isn't too plentiful, as you know, and it costs nothing to run. But getting back to Billy Morton. He's got the land for this cinder track at Santry Court on the road to the Dublin airport. Ron Delany is behind him 100% and Mr. Briscoe, the Lord Mayor, kicked off the campaign with a personal donation of £25. That will

show you the caliber of people interested in this thing."

Mr. McDonough nodded. "I'd like to get in on it in a small way," he said.

"Good," I said. "I'll give Billy Morton a ring after we've lunched with the government man."

The government man (who had been forewarned by Mr. Francis W. H. Adams, the former New York police commissioner, that we were on our way) called promptly after we had checked into the Gresham Hotel in Dublin. He turned out to be John Donovan of the Irish Industrial Authority, young and pleasantly owl-like-looking, and we went to the men's grill for lunch.

Mr. Donovan was full of facts and figures, and there was not a question Mr. McDonough put to him about the country that he could not answer out of his head.

Over tea, Mr. Donovan said: "We're getting a great many inquiries from people interested in starting up enterprises in Ireland, but many of them have capital and nothing else. What I mean to say is, they wouldn't know how to conduct a manufacturing business if they started one. Frankly, we're not interested merely in people with money to invest, however laudable their motives may be."

"You want know-how," said Mr. McDonough.

"Exactly," said Mr. Donovan.

I reached down and brought my brown paper envelope up from under my chair. This time I drew out not only the shovel factory catalog, but a number of other pieces of literature describing the summer and kitchen furniture and some of the other things that Mr. McDonough manufactures. For good measure, I threw in a brochure of the Parkersburg Rig and Reel Company, manufacturers of oil-well drilling equipment. The brochure had a picture of Mr. McDonough in it, identifying him as president.

Mr. Donovan hastily leafed through the material, leaned back and slapped the table.

"Mr. McDonough," he said, "you're the kind of man we're looking for. We can make you a very interesting offer which might include the building of a factory, without cost to you, and certain tax exemptions which would have to be worked out."

They spoke the same language and soon were discussing not only the making of shovels, but the starting up of a toy factory (Ireland would dearly love a toy factory, said Mr. Donovan) and the building of light ships and furniture and all sorts of things. There was, of course, no mention of my own heart's desire: a cinder running track for Dublin.

The luncheon ended with Mr. Donovan promising to air-mail a full report to Mr. McDonough and Mr. McDonough pledging that after he had studied it, he would send a technical expert to Ireland to go into the matter in detail.

Back in our rooms upstairs, I picked up the telephone and called Billy Morton.

In a moment, Mrs. Morton was on the wire, and I told her who I was. We had met last December.

"Ah, what a pity," exclaimed Mrs. Morton. "Billy will be terribly sorry he missed you. He's in London to sign up Brian Hewson [the four-minute miler] to run against Delany at Lansdowne Road later this month."

I asked her to hold the wire.

"Bad news," I said to Mr. McDonough. "Billy Morton is in London."

Mr. McDonough puffed on his cigaret, thinking.

"We could go back home by way of London," he said. "It's only about an hour and a half from here by air."

"Mrs. Morton," I said into the phone, "we'll fly to London to see Billy. Where will we find him?"

"Just like that, you'll fly to London," exclaimed Mrs.



OVERDRINKS PROVIDED BY BILLY MORTON IN CLUBHOUSE AT CINDER TRACK SITE, DUBLINERS DISCUSS THE STRANGE SAGA OF THE SHOVEL

Morton. "Isn't that grand! Well, you'll find Billy at the Lancaster Gate Hotel. Look sharp now or you may not recognize him. He's had his hair cut."

"He doesn't wear the hair long any more?"

"No, and I've been after him for years to have it cut short. Do you know what he'd say?"

"No," I said, "what?"

"He'd say, 'How can I cut my hair short when I'm to conduct the symphony this Wednesday evening?'"

"Ha," I said, "that's Billy all right. Very well, Mrs. Morton, we're on our way."

The long and short of it

Two hours later we had checked in at the Dorchester and were sitting in the lounge waiting for Billy to come over from the Lancaster Gate. Soon—short, stocky and breathless—he came bustling in.

I introduced Mr. McDonough and then said to Billy: "Billy, you look years younger with your hair cut short."

"Do I now," said Billy, pleased as punch. "Tell me, boys, what would you take me for?"

"I'd say 50," I said.

Billy's face fell.

"Oh, dear God in heaven," he gasped, "I'm only 47!"

"Will you let me finish, Billy?" I said. "What I meant was, I'd say 50 with your hair long, no more than 40 with your hair cut short as it is now."

Billy was only half convinced, but he perked up when I asked him if he had signed Brian Hewson to run against Ron Delany in Dublin later in the month.

"I did," said Billy, "and it will be a great event. You know Hewson beat Delany in one race last summer and ran a photo finish in the other. Delany will be out to beat him this time with nothing left in doubt about it at all."

"And how is your cinder track fund going?" said Mr. McDonough.

"Well, sir," said Billy, "I'll tell you, Mr. McDonough. It's slow work. But the money is coming in little by little and we'll make it eventually. Part of the proceeds of

the Delany-Hewson race will go to the fund, of course."

"Do you think," said Mr. McDonough, "Ronnie Delany would have become the Olympic champion if he had stayed in Ireland and trained on grass alone?"

"It's a moot question, sir," said Billy. "Some people in Dublin say Ronnie is such a natural that he would have won anyway. Others contend that he wouldn't have developed so well without the big-time facilities he enjoyed at Villanova University. To say nothing of the fine coach he has over there."

"Jumbo Elliott," I said.

Billy nodded.

"Do you think, Billy," said Mr. McDonough, "that you'll develop some other fine athletes like Ronnie when you get your cinder track?"

Billy looked around the room and then leaned across the table.

"I prefer to quote Delany himself on that subject," said Billy. "Delany said at our first meeting in the cinder track campaign that he would hazard the guess that there are dozens of Irish lads who would be as good as himself or Eamon Kinsella, the hurdler, if they just had the facilities to train."

"What a great team Ireland could have in the Olympics at Rome in 1960," I said.

"That's what I'm saying," said Billy.

Mr. McDonough had reached for his checkbook and, as he wrote, Billy and I glanced awry around the lounge as out to watch.

"Here you are, Billy," said Mr. McDonough. "I'd like to have a little part in the cinder track."

"Well, thank you, sir," said Billy, taking the check and looking at it. His eyes popped.

"A thousand dollars?" he exclaimed. "Why, this is the largest single donation so far. Thank you, Mr. McDonough, not only on my own behalf but on behalf of the thousands of Irish lads who will enjoy the benefits of the cinder track. And let me say, sir, that this is more than a mere donation

continued

McDonough's Shovel

continued

to the fund. It is proof positive that the sons of Irishmen in America have not forgotten the Old Country and will not stand idly by while she is in need. With your permission, Mr. McDonough, I'll announce this grand gift at the ground-breaking by Ron Delany and the Lord Mayor next Wednesday."

(This was better news than I had dared to hope for; I was counting on a ground-breaking, but I thought it might be months away.)

Mr. McDonough shook his head. "I don't want anything like that, Billy."

"Ah, it will be a shot in the arm to the campaign, sir," said Billy. "You just leave it to me."

"Tell me, Billy," I said, reaching under my chair for my brown paper envelope, "do you have a shovel for the ground-breaking?"

"Well," said Billy, "no particular shovel, no. But that's a detail. I'll get one."

"Take a look at this," I said, holding out the shovel factory catalog. "These are the famous Ames shovels from Mr. McDonough's factory."

"Ah, they're grand shovels," said Billy, looking at the pictures.

"Let me tell you about them," I said. "The Ames shovel is the great American shovel. The first one was made back in 1774, two years before the Declaration of Independence."

"Yes, yes?" said Billy.

"Now just consider, Billy," I went on, "all the historic events in which the Ames shovel must have played a part. The California Gold Rush of '49, the building of the railroads, the breaking of ground for the skyscrapers of New York. You know, of course, that Abraham Lincoln used to do his sums on the back of a shovel, lying before the fire."

"I believe that is so," said Billy.

"Chances are," I said, "Lincoln's shovel was an Ames shovel."

"Hold on, hold on," said Billy. "Maybe I see what you're driving at. Wouldn't it be a grand thing if this historic American shovel could be used to break ground for the cinder track next Wednesday?"

"Well, wouldn't it be a symbol?" I said, "a shining symbol of the bond between Free Ireland and America?"

"And what could be more fitting," cried Billy, "especially since Ronnie Delany will be taking part? A Dublin boy going to school in America puts his boot to a great American shovel to break ground for Ireland's first real cinder track?"

I turned to Mr. McDonough.

"Mr. McDonough," I said, "I had something like this in mind when I left New York. I arranged with Mr. James Cahill of TWA to fly a shovel to Ireland on short notice. Could you have a special shovel flown to Idlewild right away? If so, TWA will take it from there."



THE MACH SHOVEL TROPHY

Mr. McDonough thought a minute. "I don't see why not," he said. "In fact, I believe I could have a special shovel chromium-plated."

He got to his feet.

"I'll call my office right now," he said.

Billy Morton stood up.

"Before you go, sir," he said, "may I propose a toast?"

I got up and we all raised our glasses.

"To the great American shovel," said Billy Morton. "Let it be borne like an Olympic torch across the sea to Ireland!"

• • •

Things worked out as if they were surely meant to be. Mr. McDonough called the shovel factory from London and ordered a beautiful chromium shovel flown to Idlewild.

At Idlewild, 45 minutes after getting word from me to activate our shovel plan, James Cahill of TWA handed the shovel to Capt. William B. Schumacher on Flight No. 992. At Shannon, TWA Agent Finian Fielding put it on an Aer Lingus plane for Dublin, where Patrick Condon was waiting to rush the shovel to the Lord Mayor's Mansion. And there it stayed until the evening of the ground-breaking ceremonies.

For that happy occasion, Ronnie Delany (just home from Villanova) and the Lord Mayor (still Robert Briscoe then) put their boots to the shovel while a fine crowd, including every child (said Billy Morton) for 12 miles around, cheered and some of Billy's invited guests raised their glasses in the temporary clubhouse on the cinder track site.

"I was happy," said Mr. Briscoe, "to be one of the first small subscribers to this project and now I want to give a second subscription equal to what I gave last time."

Ronnie Delany said that he himself hoped to be able to contribute to the fund before the track and the stadium to go with it were completed. He said he was sure there would be many world records set on the track.

The papers were full of the news of the ground-breaking and the shovel from America, and when Delany ran against Hewson (beating him in the slow time of 4:09.7—and what would you expect on

grass?), 33,000 spectators were on hand at the Lansdowne Road Stadium. Gross receipts were \$12,000, a great boost for the cinder track fund.

A few days later Billy Morton announced that the Clonliffe Harriers would sponsor a special athletic event each year from now on. It will be a mile run in Dublin and on the new cinder track when it is ready.

There will be a perpetual trophy put into competition. No one will ever win permanent possession of it. But the names of all the winners will be inscribed upon it.

And what do you think this perpetual trophy will be, this prize that Irish lads will strive for as long as there's a Dublin?

It will be Mr. McDonough's magic shovel.

END

INSPIRED BY A GOLDEN ERA

Today's tennis clothes adopt traditions of dress which hark back to some of the greatest players of the game

IF TODAY's young tennis hopefuls are in need of inspiration beyond their ambition to excel, they can find it in this year's tennis clothes, which more than ever reflect the styles of the '20s and '30s—a golden age for tennis. Synthetic-blended, easy-care fabrics make these outfits practical for wide-roaming followers of the modern tournament. Nostalgic and again in fashion are the headband and pleated skirt made famous by Suzanne Lenglen; Helen Wills's above-the-knee-skirt; Helen Jacobs' box-pleated shorts; and the flannel trousers worn by champions from Bill Tilden to Fred Perry.

Drawings by Moe Caron



ZIP-FRONT cotton twill jacket, designed by Don Budge (McGregor, \$71 at Arnold Constable), is worn with Orion-viscose flannel (\$17.50, Brooks Bros.).



ABOVE-KNEE, flared-skirted tennis dress of Arnel sharkskin has high-cut neckline of the '20s (Florence Walsh, \$15 at De Pina).



SLEEVELESS shirt and Bermuda-length shorts of blended acetate and silk have hand tailoring (McMullen, \$20, Giddings).



OVERSKIRT of knife pleats bottoms over self-belted one-piece Dacron-and-cotton shorts (F. B. Horgan, \$25, Ross Bros.).

CONTINUED

MECHANICAL PROJECT ENGINEERS

Ebasco, a long-established name in power plant engineering design and construction, has need for mechanical project engineers.

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Ebasco Building, 7 Bector Street, New York 6, N. Y.

TENNIS CLOTHES *continued*



STRIPED-BANDED mesh shirt (Activair, \$6 at Macy's) teams with Arnel sharkskin shorts (by Coberknit, \$8 at John Jarell).



BOX-PLEATED shorts, cotton-knit shirt, cable-knit wool sweater are styled by Helen Jacobs (by Masket, \$58 at Lord & Taylor).



LOW-WAISTED tennis dress with modified sailor collar is made of Arnel sharkskin (Irving of Montreal, \$19 at Saks Fifth Avenue).



CABLE-KNIT sweater in all white (Fashion Hill, \$22.50). All shoes shown are saddle design by Vincent Richards (Dunlop, \$6).



Jimmy Jewell's

HOTBOX

The Question:

Which is, or was, the greatest race horse you have ever ridden?

(Asked of 10 top American jockeys)

TED ATKINSON



Tom Fool. His record shows it. He set records with higher handicaps. In the 19 years that I have been riding, few horses have been asked to carry the weights that Tom Fool carried as a 4-year-old. When you talk about the great horses of all time, never forget Tom Fool.

EDDIE ARCARO



Citation in his one great year as a 3-year-old, when he won the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness and the Belmont. He was intelligent and easy to handle. It's too bad that he broke down as a late 4-year-old. Never again was he the real Citation, because he was beaten by horses below his class.

JOHN LONGOEN



Count Fleet, by far. He was the only horse over to win the Triple Crown plus the Wood Memorial and Withers. He won the Belmont Stakes in a gallop by 25 lengths. I rode every one of his 21 races, carried a whip but never dared use it. He might have taken off so fast he'd have left me behind.

WILLIE HARTACK



Burdstown. He has everything a good horse needs, plenty of speed, stamina and courage. He can run any way the race calls for. He can come from behind or, if the rest of the field calls for Burdstown to go out front, he's freewheeling from the gate to set the pace all the way.

ERIC GUERIN



Native Dancer. He could do anything better than any horse I ever rode and do it easily. "The Dancer" always had something left, even when he lost the Kentucky Derby by a head, his only loss. Actually, he really didn't get good until after the Derby. He ranks with the great race horses of all time.

HEDLEY WOODHOUSE



Three Rings I won many stakes on him. He won the Royal Palm at Hialeah three times in a row and he was disqualified after coming in first in the 1950 Butler. When he was at his peak as a 3- and 6-year-old, I thought he was the best handicap horse in the country.

BILL BOLANO



Middleground. I won the Kentucky Derby on him. His time for the last quarter of that race was one of the fastest ever. I also won the Belmont Stakes with him the same year. Middleground was a free-running horse, easy to ride, and a kind horse that you couldn't help but love.

DAVE ERB



The last few years I've been privileged to ride horses like Swaps's Son, Needles and Sumner Tan—all champions. But although I rode him only once, I'll have to call Swaps the best. He handled like no other horse I've been aboard. He's what I call a superhorse. You don't find his kind very often.

CONN MCCREARY



I didn't ride one of the superhorses, Man o' War, Citation or Count Fleet. Devil's Thumb, who nearly made a complete sweep of the 2-year-old races at Saratoga, was my greatest horse. At six furlongs, he could open up five lengths from the gate or come from 10 lengths behind to win.

WILLIE SHOEMAKER



That's easy; Swaps. He always wanted to run. I never had to ask him to start moving. When he hit the three-eighths pole he'd automatically turn on the steam. Swaps set three world records at Hollywood Park and tied another without my ever touching him with the whip.

BASEBALL: NO PRESUMPTION
Sir:

Your photographer's interesting shot ("The Camera Catches a Thief," *SI*, July 15), with a 2,000-mm. lens, of New York Giants Catcher Ray Katt flashing the sign to his pitcher is most unusual . . . in the realm of photography. But it depicts a situation that occurs many times in the average game.

Aren't you presuming a great deal in stating that Batter Lonnott hit his homer because he received a sign from "thief" Base Runner Jones? In situations like this, the catcher will flash several signs so as to confuse any base runner trying to steal the sign and tip off the batter to the pitch. The pitcher and catcher have worked out a system in advance by which they know which of the several signs flashed is the real one.

I'm sure very few batters would get in and count on the reliability of such "intelligence" as the runner might relay to them in these instances. Like any stolen goods, such signs are too dangerous.

AL AMETRANO

Syracuse, N.Y.

● *SI* presumes nothing. Catcher Katt's three fingers may have been a sign, part of a sign or a decoy. We don't know. We do know that Jones (he told us so) relayed what he thought was Katt's sign to Lonnott and that Lonnott then hit his first major league home run.—E.D.

BASEBALL: SHARP-EYED ORIOLE
Sir:

Mr. Cartier-Bresson's series of pictures, *Our City Our Game* (*SI*, July 8), was certainly appreciated, but how did he ever take a picture of Baltimore Memorial Stadium while wandering around Milwaukee? Telephoto lens, maybe?

RONALD L. BRAY

Baltimore

● Henri Cartier-Bresson's contribution was the black-and-white photographs beginning on page 15. The color picture on page 14 was taken in Baltimore by the distinguished American photographer Mark Kauffman.—E.D.

MOTOR SPORT: RUN FOR FUN
Sir:

Thanks for the article on a typical run-for-fun sports car competition (*Weekend Homes on Wheels*, *SI*, July 15). Carroll Shelby, his overall and his \$11,000 Maserati make good reading, and he's a marvelous driver—but hundreds of men like Bob Kuhn provide the competitive setting in which a star like Shelby can shine. And they provide the minor leagues from which future driving champions will spring.

The future of the sport lies in attracting large numbers of people to enjoy amateur competition in cars they can afford. The hottest modified classes will always be dominated by overvalued rich men in expensive cars. These classes will provide climactic feature events, with high speeds and superior driving. They will attract larger crowds

and help to pay for many new road courses.

But public acceptance of sports car racing as a nonfoolhardy way to have a lot of fun will be gained only by showing average car fans that weekend competition is safe and within their financial means . . . and that they stand a chance of winning now and then.

Your article on Bob Kuhn, with dollar-and-cent estimates of the expenses of competing, helps. Now, how about articles on rallies, gymkhanas and racing—with emphasis on the fact that these are participatory sports that almost everyone can enjoy.

ERIC BOERHAL

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

● For more news of the run-for-fun sports car clan, see page 51.—E.D.

TENNIS: OUR GAL SAL
Sir:

Enjoyed your article *New Hope for Hopefuls* (*SI*, July 8) by Bill Talbot very much.

However, I would like to point out that he overlooked the brightest prospect of them all in the junior girls division: Miss Sally Moore, Bakersfield, California.

We like our gal, Sal.

F. W. JONES

Bakersfield, Calif.



PROSPECTIVE AND HOPEFUL SALLY

GOLF: IN THEIR CUPS
Sir:

You'll probably have a spate of reports of double holes-in-one on the same day following the July 22nd 19TH HOLE letter, so I figured I had better forward this one.

It happened July 15th on the 8th hole of the nine-hole Elks Country Club course in Council Bluffs, Iowa. In the first round of the club championship, Ed Larsen holed his tee shot on No. 8 on the second hole; his opponent, Frank Weiner, also got a hole-in-one on the eighth. Larsen, defending club champion, finally lost on the 22nd hole.

HOLLIS LINPRECHT

Omaha

GOLF: BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY
Sir:

Jerry Krueger, greenkeeper at the White Bear Yacht Club, who has been moving

the ceps around as one of his weekly jobs, moved them very well the other Sunday morning.

That afternoon, playing the back nine first, ex-Marine Krueger bounced his four-wood tee shot into the hole on No. 17. Four holes later, on the 141-yard No. 3, using a nine-iron, he scored his second ace of the round, en route to a one-under-par 71.

DECK GORDON

Minneapolis

● And, upholding the honor of the pros, the youthful and popular Don Whitt scored the first hole-in-one of his life. With an eight-iron, Whitt aced the 145-yard 13th hole during a semi-final round of the PGA tournament at the Miami Valley Country Club in Dayton.—E.D.

FITNESS: PRUNING WITH PRUDEN
Sir:

I read your series on *The Art of Race Redne* (*SI*, June 17 et seq.) with a great deal of care and felt well qualified to compete as a jockey. But when I applied at the race track for a job I was disqualified on my physical, being approximately 70 pounds overweight.

Would it be possible for your magazine to next publish a series of articles on weight reduction preferably not involving any exercise?

R. D. SUMMERS

Kansas City, Kans.

● Can't guarantee jockey job or shedding of 70 pounds without the effort of exercising, but here is a hot tip: in its August 5th issue, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* begins a series of illustrated articles by Bonnie Prudden on *How to Keep Fit*.—E.D.

GOLF: GOOD LUCK, BEN
Sir:

Seeing in the late news columns of one of our evening papers that Ben Hogan couldn't go to the post in the U.S. Open hunt. Somehow, I thought he was going to notch up that fifth Open this year and become *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s Man of 1937 as well—but, no!—the gods had set the scene much differently.

However, it was great to read Ben Hogan's thoughts on the Open in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (June 24 issue). What a pleasant surprise! Wonderful to hear he will be the man to beat for a few more years. Once again I can see that fifth Open coming his way. Best of luck, Ben, in '38.

FENNIBAR SLATTERY

Ashe, County Kerry, Ireland

ARCAD: AMONG THE MASTERS
Sir:

The article on race riding in cooperation with Eddie Araro and Bob Riger (June 17 et seq.) is the finest thing of its kind that has ever been done on the sport. I say this without qualification.

The only thing that ever could possibly have topped it is a series entitled *How To Train Race Horses* by Sunny Jim Fitzsim-

mons, as told to Ernest Hemingway and illustrated by Rembrandt.

CHARLES H. JOHNSON

Baltimore

MR. AMERICA: HUNK O' MAN

Sirs:

The Senior National Weight Lifting Championships and Mr. America contests have been over for weeks. You haven't reported a word about them.

Weight lifting and archery are two of the fastest-growing sports in the country, with lifting being widely accepted the world over, yet you may nary a word about either. Let's do something about it.

CHRISTOPHER PARE

San Anselmo, Calif.

● Winners in the 1957 National AAU Weight Lifting Championships:
Bantamweight: Angel Famaglietti of Panama.

Featherweight: Isaac Berger of Santa Monica, Calif. (Olympic gold medalist).
Lightweight: Joe Pitman of Vero Beach, Fla.

Middleweight: Pete George of Hawaii (Olympic silver medalist).

Light Heavyweight: Tommy Kono of Honolulu (Olympic gold medalist).



MR. AMERICA: RONALD LACY

Middle Heavyweight: Clyde Emrich of Chicago.

Heavyweight: Norbert Schemansky of Detroit.

Super Heavyweight (over 225 lbs.):

David Ashman of Santa Monica, Calif.

Chuck Vinci, Olympic gold medalist in the bantamweight division, didn't compete, has yet to come down to earth from his three-month marriage. Superman Paul Anderson, the Olympic gold medalist, has turned professional.—ED.

NATURE: MINNIE HAS MINNIES

Sirs:

As a former breeder of jackasses (mammoth Kentucky variety) I thoroughly enjoyed *A Jap of Donkeys* in the July 8 issue. The picture was superb.

However, I cannot let John O'Reilly's mistake go by: if Minnie, the female donkey, is bred to a pony stallion her foal will be a hinny, not a mule!

Still a splendid article.

RED DESHAIR

Caruthersville, Mo.

● Reader Dunham, who breeds pit game fowl and pit bull terriers, is technically correct, although the term "mule" is popularly accepted. The offspring of a she-ass bred to a stallion is a hinny, while that of a he-ass bred to a mare is a mule.—ED.

THE SAGA OF ELWOOD PERRY'S SPOONPLUG

Sirs:

The drawing power of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** has just been dramatically proved to us in your story (E & D, July 8) of spoonplugs. Since that issue hit the stands, we have been swamped with mail and phone orders from New York to California. Everyone wants Buck Perry's spoonplugs. Our average mail has contained 700 mail orders per day this week—and there is no letup.

Thanks!

MYRTLE KLEIN
President

Klein's Sporting Goods, Inc.
Chicago

Sirs:

For the sake of your readers who have fishing fever, might you mention how Mr. Perry's spoonplug may be obtained?

DON KROGSTAD

New Hyde Park, N.Y.

● **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** received so many inquiries about the spoonplug that Bob Quincy, our Charlotte, N.C. correspondent, was asked to send us Perry's address (Buck's Baits, Post Office Box 644, Hickory, N.C.) and to let us know how Perry was hearing up under the avalanche of orders. Quincy reported to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** as follows:

"After sweating blood for 11 years," sighs the inventor of the spoonplug, "this looks like this is it. Some days I get a few hundred letters—then there are other days when the mail is real heavy. I'm almost scared to open it."

Forty-one-year-old Buck Perry, a former instructor in mechanical engineering at North Carolina State College, wanders through his two-story

white cinder block building near Hickory, N.C., somewhat like a short-order cook at a high school recess. First the telephone rings, then a new shipment of metal arrives, then there is a conference with the foreman of the companion building being constructed beside his old office.

"They keep telling me it's going to be ready in a week," he laments. "They say that every week. I'm so far behind



THE PLUG WHICH NO SANE BASS CAN RESIST

on orders now I hate to estimate the actual figure."

When Perry first hit acceptance with his spoonplug method of catching bass, Klein's in Chicago quickly sold out 18,600 of them. He's trying to supply them with 100 dozen daily, as well as fill other orders.

"That **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** piece really did something special," he said.

"After it came out, I started getting heavy mail, but I found a good many of the requests were from the executive type—you know, presidents and general managers and fellows of importance. Funny thing about that. Right along with those requests I had

bids from a number of quality sporting-goods houses that wouldn't let me in the front door before. Now they want to shake my hand and welcome me into the fraternity. I'm sure the executive type has asked them about my spoonplug and got them busy realizing something has happened."

Perry devised his spoonplug ("It won't catch fish if they aren't there, but if you find them, it's like picking cherries") back in 1946.

"For 11 years I sweated blood and lost money," he said. "Why not quick acceptance? Well, I guess it's the American public's inalienable right to resist a change in thinking," he philosophizes. "I guess it just took guts and push to convince them I had something."

What of the future?

"Not too long back," said Perry. "I had six or seven working for me. Now I've been forced to hire 20—maybe more, I don't even know. When the new building goes up, I'll need even more."

Mrs. Perry stepped in with a large cardboard box of unopened letters and postcards.

"We'll get to them sometime," she said, "but it's going to take time."

Said Perry: "Frankly, I don't know where it's going to stop. When people see what the plug can do if they follow my instructions, their eyes bulge out like a stepped-on toad-frog. I'm almost scared of a follow-up story if **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** does one. I don't know which way to turn now."—ED.



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THE WOMEN

(continued)

"Everyone who can read reads *Sports Illustrated*! I read it from cover to cover, and I love it as much as a man's own magazine as a man's." — Mrs. A.D.

"I pick it up once in a while. I look for the big names: Mike Les Mante and people that I have heard of. My husband reads it thoroughly." — Mrs. R.C.

"I always look at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED when it comes. I like to know what is going on in the world of sports." — Mrs. M.A. H.

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PAT ON THE BACK



MERCER BEASLEY

If ever a man backed unwittingly into a distinguished career, it was Mercer Beasley, the famous old tennis coach whose methods and results have always been about equally astonishing. He took up tennis in 1883, when he was 11, and because of poor eyesight has played it rather badly ever since. He never coached tennis at all until he was 40, when some wealthy Chicago tennis players found his suggestions "helpful" and offered to pay him to keep on making them. Last week he celebrated his 75th birthday at Forest Hills, Long Island, still a coach and still busily involved in the life which began at 40.

He has coached at Tulane, Princeton, Lawrenceville School and the University of Miami. He taught tennis at private clubs in Milwaukee, Pasadena and Chicago. In California in 1925, when he was searching about for one more player for the Pasadena High School tennis team, someone sent him to a bakery shop, where he discovered a lanky 14-year-old named Ellsworth Vines working in the oven room. Six years later Vines was the 20-year-old national champion.

In Milwaukee, Frankie Parker was a skinny, 11-year-old ball boy working for 5¢ a set when his quickness and accuracy caught Beasley's eye. Beasley brought him up to win the boys', then the juniors', then the men's national championships, and to a career in which Parker was rated among the top 10 players in the country for 17 consecutive years. Altogether, Beasley figures, 17 players have won 84 different national titles under his coaching. He has been a consultant to the Spalding sporting goods company since 1935, and for years now has been holding tennis clinics for children in public parks up and down the country.

"I always loved tennis," says Beasley, "but I never could play it." He first tried on his father's lawn in New Jersey, dressed for the game in cricket flannels, blazer and Eton cap. As a student at Lawrenceville School he couldn't make the tennis team but did play on his house football squad, weighing a fierce but fragile 120 pounds. "After I had made about seven tackles, it was time to call the infirmary and say, 'Get Beasley's room ready.'"

The crowd of tennis notables who gathered to honor Beasley at luncheon last week at Forest Hills seemed chiefly in a mood for reminiscence, but he would have none of it. He was concerned only with the present: food, people and tennis. As erect and hill-voiced as ever, he made a convincing advertisement of the beneficial effects of the game. He showed an agile wit, too. When a pile of congratulatory telegrams was shoved at him, he deftly extracted the sentiment from the moment by leaning through them and then announcing firmly, "All sent collect."



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